

VISITS TO
BRUNSWICK GEORGIA
AND TRAVELS SOUTH



JOSEPH W. SMITH



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*With the Compliments of
The Author*

VISITS TO
BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA
AND TRAVELS
SOUTH

JOSEPH W. SMITH

BOSTON

ADDISON C. GETCHELL & SON, PRINTERS

1907

F294
B956

Gift

Mrs. Jos W. Smith

11 Apr '08



TO MY FRIENDS
I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK OF REMINISCENCES

Joseph W. Smith

ANDOVER, MASS., MARCH, 1907



BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA, IN 1853

IN November, 1853, when I was twenty-two years of age, I was called to a position that involved responsibility, energy, tact, and no small degree of personal risk. I duly felt the importance of my position, and accepted it with all the enthusiasm of youth, feeling highly complimented by the trust imposed in me, and yet not carelessly considering the cost. The duties of the office I was to fill called me to the South, and, as my mission threatened to be a disturbing one, my movements required the utmost caution. With a full sense, therefore, of what was required of me I rather impatiently awaited my orders, which came in the following "Letter of Instructions: "—

"BOSTON, Nov. 4, 1853.

MR. J. W. SMITH:

Dear Sir:—You will proceed, this afternoon, to New York, and report yourself at Messrs. Naylor & Co.'s, 99 John Street, holding yourself in readiness to leave New York tomorrow, by steamer to Savannah, in case our New York house so direct. On your arrival at Savannah you will call upon the house of which you will receive the address in New York, for later instructions by telegraph than we now give you. Unless these later instructions are to the contrary, you will proceed with the utmost despatch from Savannah to Brunswick. If, when you reach Brunswick, the *Agnes* has arrived there, deliver to the Captain the letter of Messrs. A. Cunningham & Sons (now in New

York). Show him the bill of lading of the cargo, endorsed to our order, and direct him to proceed to New York or to Philadelphia, according to your last instructions and letter herewith. Should the *Agnes* not have arrived, you will please call upon Mr. John Brooks in Brunswick, and arrange with him to have the *Agnes* come to anchor in a safe position in the harbor of Brunswick, far enough away from shore to protect the captain from losing his crew, and return immediately to Savannah to be ready there to receive new instructions by mail or by telegraph. After the *Agnes* has come to anchor, let Mr. Brooks inform you at Savannah of the arrival, if a mail leaves immediately, *by mail*; if no reliable public conveyance goes, let Mr. Brooks at our expense send a *special messenger* to you at Savannah. The moment you hear of the arrival of the *Agnes*, telegraph the news to Naylor & Co., New York, and then proceed immediately to Brunswick, deliver your letters to Capt. Scott, and show him our letter and bill of lading, and direct Capt. Scott to do what your last instructions say, be it to land the cargo in Brunswick, to go to New York or Philadelphia. The letter that lies in New York for Capt. Scott directs him to go to New York. It must not be delivered to him unless such are your last instructions. Should you have no later advices, by telegraph or by mail, you will act upon the last instructions received at New York before sailing. Be very particular at Savannah to inquire at telegraph office for messages to you. You will find a copy of this letter, by mail in Savannah, in case you should lose this.

Yours most truly

NAYLOR & Co."

There must seem in this a mystery as great as that which surrounds the secret deliberations of national councils where the vital interests of a people are concerned; and yet it was only regarding a cargo of railroad iron, and its aim was merely to protect the rights of one individual against the fraud or failure of another. And this brings me to the story of what I saw and did as agent for one of the parties concerned.

The ship *Agnes*, Capt. J. Edwards Scott, owned by Smith, Dove & Company of Andover, Mass., was bound from England to Brunswick, Ga., with a cargo of railroad iron (1405 tons), to be used upon a projected railroad, extending westerly from Brunswick towards Albany, Ga., and New Orleans, of which only five miles had already been laid. Naylor & Company were the charterers of the vessel, and the railroad iron was sold to a New York company having charge of land speculations in the town of Brunswick, then striving to become a rival of Savannah in commercial importance. This company failed to meet its obligations, and it became necessary that steps should be taken to hold this property in the interest of its creditors. Hence my agency in the matter and the necessity for secrecy which lay in the fact that the builders of the road and the townspeople were on the *qui vive* for the arrival of the ship, that construction work might be pushed without interruption. Interference certainly promised most unpleasant results.

In conformity with my "Letter of Instructions," on the afternoon of November 4, 1853, I started for New York, and, on the morning of the 5th, immediately reported myself to Mr. W. L. King, the managing member of the firm

of Naylor & Company, who gave me my final instructions regarding the course I was to pursue as follows : —

“As soon as you arrive in Savannah inquire at the Post Office for letters and at the telegraph office for despatches, and see if there is any other J. W. Smith in Savannah who may have your letters. In telegraphing you, we shall not mention the name of the vessel, but if we say ‘the ship,’ you will, of course, know we mean the *Agnes*. Please be very particular, in Savannah, not to have it known that the object of your journey is to change the destination of the ship *Agnes*. Also please see that neither Mr. John Brooks, at Brunswick, or the pilot, make any mention of it. We will direct your letters to Joseph Warren Smith, Savannah. Our address is Naylor & Co., 99 John Street, New York. Our telegraph messages will perhaps be signed Naylor & Co., N. & Co., or W. L. King. On your arrival at Savannah, if you have time, write us, informing us if there is any news of the *Agnes*; also informing us on what days the steamboats leave Brunswick for Savannah. Stop at the Pulaski House, which is the best house there. Call upon Cohen & Fosdick, and say that you may have some letters sent to their care, but don’t say that you are going to Brunswick unless you are obliged to do so, and upon no account tell them the object of your visit. We expect to telegraph you on Monday next at Savannah with our latest instructions. We will have our messages left at the telegraph office, where you must inquire two or three times a day.”

With these momentous instructions in my pocket I embarked November 5, at 4 P.M., on the steamer *Augusta*,

Captain Lyon, for Savannah, but when evening came on — “mother of dews” — I found that due accommodations for sleeping could not be provided. It was the season for Southern migration, even then quite extensive, and to get a berth was impossible. I appealed to the captain, but he couldn’t help me any, and blamed the agents for selling so many tickets when they must have known there was not sufficient accommodation. Who ever knew an agent of steamboats that would not sell as long as there were buyers, though crowded quarters and stifled passengers had long been crying, “Hold! enough”? The quarters in this case didn’t hold enough, and so I had to make other arrangements for a bed, and, taking two of the settee cushions, I deposited myself under the saloon table, with my overcoat for a pillow, and passed three nights under most uncomfortable trial. My condition was not as happy as that of the imprisoned cobbler in *Pickwick* who slept under *his* table, for he, through a fertile fancy, imagined himself on a four-post bedstead. But I made the best I could of it, and laid my case *under* the table for future consideration.

Cape Hatteras did not forget to give us a shaking up, a sort of *caper* sauce not pleasant for inexperienced lambs of passage, who devoted their time, principally, to “casting up their accounts.” We were accompanied all of one day by the steamer *James Adger*, bound for Charleston, S.C., which vessel was but a mile distant, and it was a relief to feel that we were not quite alone upon the waste of waters.

We arrived at our dock in Savannah, November 8, after a passage of fifty-seven hours from New York — about an average trip. Unaccustomed to the sea, I found it difficult

to overcome the tendency to roll acquired on shipboard, and on stepping ashore it seemed that I must have something to hold on to; and it was two or three days before I regained my "land legs." I commenced my business at once, according to instructions, including a visit to the rice mills owned by Cohen & Fosdick, and had quite a pleasant interview with the firm. Among my new acquaintances at Savannah was a Mr. Raymond, a classmate of my cousin, Peter Smith Byers.

November 9th. I took passage on the steamer *D. L. Adams* for Brunswick, Ga., for the importance of which place great expectations were entertained, doomed not yet to be realized. These expectations were raised, in large part, upon hopes such as my mission was to frustrate, hopes built upon paper, with speculation for their base. About the year 1835 great efforts were made to make this port one of note and a rival of the city of Savannah. The town was handsomely laid out, upon paper, and several operations commenced in harmony with the avowed intention. An immense hotel was erected, — so regarded at the time, — streets were outlined but never graded, sites were set aside for public structures, parks were contemplated, and wharves to accommodate an extensive commerce were planned; but public expectation failed as did private enterprise, and hope was at a great discount, when a new railroad was proposed. Its heralded advantages gave a stimulus to the still living ambition of the place. But, alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and, as in thousands of other cases, hope's flattering tale was told in but one chapter. The railroad was a failure, and the lofty pageantry of the dream melted into

thin air, leaving but a wreck behind. The fairy slipper was lost, and Cinderella had to wear her old shoes. Perhaps, however, some day it may be found. Let us sincerely hope so.

When I reached Brunswick, I immediately sought out Mr. John Brooks to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was met very cordially by him, but, at the same time, he felt badly to know that the trouble with the Land Company was of such a serious nature; nevertheless, he was ready to carry out instructions. I was placed in a peculiar position, being obliged to remain in Brunswick two days, or while the inland steamer should make her trip to Palatka, Fla., and return. At the hotel every one was talking about the overdue *Agnes* with the railroad iron. Seemingly ignorant of everything affecting their interests in the ship, I mixed with traders, sawmill operators, canal projectors, land speculators, and the rest of the crowd, and overheard much of their conversation, concluding that, under the circumstances, I must keep "mum," as I seemed to be the "one man power" to spoil all their calculations. Had my errand been known to the citizens of Brunswick, I should have been much safer at that time north of Mason and Dixon's line. However, I got in and out of Brunswick, having accomplished my purpose, and it afforded me much matter for self-congratulation when I could again breathe the air of heaven without fear of being molested.

I remained in Savannah nearly two weeks before the *Agnes* arrived. I was made aware of her arrival by a knock upon the door of my room at the Pulaski House one morning at about 3 o'clock, the intelligence being brought

by Captain Scott himself. He had received his letters from the pilot, and came to anchor in the lower bay at Brunswick, and, leaving his vessel in charge of the first officer, hastened to Savannah to learn the facts. Fortunately, I had on the previous evening received a telegram from New York to have the *Agnes* go to the wharf at Brunswick and discharge her cargo but to land the iron in bond, and for me to stay, enter the iron at the Custom House, and see that all instructions were carried out. Captain Scott left for Brunswick by the morning boat, and I awaited detailed instructions by letter from New York. After making preliminary arrangements at the Savannah Custom House, where Mr. Boston, the collector, assisted me in filling out my entry blanks, I proceeded to Brunswick, calling at Darien for Mabray, the collector of that district. I was fortunate to have made preparation, for the *Agnes* was the first ship for many years to enter Brunswick harbor, and the collector was rusty in the practice of his office. On my arrival at Brunswick I expected to see the vessel made fast to the wharf; but no, she had touched upon the inner bar, and was then lying there. A schooner was brought into requisition to take off some 300 tons of her cargo, which lightened her so that she came off at high water, and proceeded up to town. The wharf that had been constructed especially for her proved to be not strong enough, for the first night that she came in contact with the poorly constructed fabric she broke away some sixty feet of it. The natives were alarmed lest the entire wharf should go to pieces. The timbers which were carried away journeyed down to Jekyl Island and back at intervals, occupying two or three days in transit.

The sad news that the cargo of railroad iron was to be landed in bond struck dismay to the hearts of all. Though the true condition of the Land Company was now generally known, some were confident that everything would come out right in the end. But their hopes were never realized. We got everything in readiness and commenced discharging, but it was slow work, as the vessel heeled over so much with the ebb and flow of the tide. A line of rail was laid down the (d)wharfed wharf, and the iron conveyed to a suitable spot upon the shore, where it was neatly piled up in eight square piles about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The iron was in 12, 15, and 18 feet lengths.

Here I had my first experience with negro labor. I managed the shore gang in the interest of Naylor & Company; Captain Scott and myself knew each other well, and we worked together admirably. My crew consisted of a dozen men with Eli and the mule extra, and for five weeks we labored together. Christmas holidays were approaching and the captain hardly knew what to do as the negroes would have four days to themselves at that time. We talked over the matter, got what we could of both gangs that were working, and supplemented the number with a few men we chanced to pick up in the town, to each of whom we paid, in his own right hand, a five dollar bill. After the holidays the old gang resumed work, being quite fresh after visiting their friends in the country. We had, as I mentioned, Eli and the mule. Eli was pretty stubborn sometimes, so much so that it was difficult to tell which was the mule. There was one negro in the gang who was designed for an "end man" in the Ethiopian world's concert, for he kept us all in good spirits. His

name was Josh Berry—a real blackberry—and we could not speak to him without his boiling over with mirth. He was coal black, bandy-legged, and about middle-aged. He was a very fair barber and would have made his mark in tonsorial operations in any Northern city. Among the men were also two six-footers whom we called Jake and Jim. These men stood next to the platform car and received the pieces from the others who took them from the slings, and, being very stalwart, they handled the iron pieces as if they were fence rails. Eli occasionally would be fooling around the car, and I heard Jake say, just as an 18-foot rail was being put thereon, "Take kar, dar, Eli; take kar; ef yer don't yer'll be pawin' round in de water after dat mool of yourn."

Many were the incidents connected with that memorable trip to Brunswick that are pleasant to recall, and some not so pleasant. When the iron was all landed, I presumed my labor in the business had ceased; but Mr. Mabray, the collector, in disregard of my remonstrance that it was not my business to build Southern bonded warehouses, compelled me to put a wooden fence around the iron, which I did at a cost of eighteen dollars and fifty cents. I had some fun out of it, however. I remarked to the standing committee of the town who superintended the building of the fence, that perhaps the iron was in some danger of being eaten by the hungry swine round about, and that it might lie heavy on their stomachs, but if it were pig-iron, there would be no doubt about it, and the fence must be a necessity. The committee saw the *irony* of the remark, but did not *rail*.

I greatly enjoyed the companionship of Captain Scott,

while the *Agnes* was discharging her iron, rooming on board the ship at night and taking my meals at the hotel. Mr. Brooks's family, who also came from the captain's home, Wiscasset, Me., used to visit the ship, accompanied at times by Mr. Samuel H. Allen, a sort of lieutenant of Mr. Brooks, and many a pleasant evening we had together. There were five of Mr. Brooks's daughters all grown up, and I, being a young man, of course received some pretty hard thrusts, which, however, I managed to parry. One evening the chair I was sitting in came down with a tremendous crash, and I lay sprawling upon the floor. This would have been a settler to a timid man, and I had always fancied myself timid, but I wriggled through the difficulty like an eel, and, rising to my feet, I repeated to the young ladies the old saying: "Love in a tub and the bottom fell out." This created a laugh, and mortification flew off in the explosion. I have often since said, when speaking of the foregoing, that if one can only break the spell of bashfulness — even though he break a chair to do it — he is all right, and the tide turns in his favor.

There was a canal project, to the digging of which I have already alluded, that was to unite the waters of the Altamaha river with the arm of the sea a few miles above Brunswick, by which lumber was to be brought from the country above and floated down the canal, connecting with deep water at Brunswick, but the bottom dropped out of the project as disastrously as did that of the tub above alluded to, under pressure, and I opine that Mr. Collins made more money from renting his canal negroes to discharge the *Agnes* than he did from profits of the ditch that never was dug. The entire movement to make Brunswick

a big commercial city, a centre for trade in Southern products, to be connected by rail and boat with the Gulf cities, went down as decidedly as I did in the crushed chair, perhaps to rise again under better auspices, as I did. But the building up of new places and the resuscitating of old ones are not works of speedy accomplishment. Enterprise must give the momentum and time prove kind. This same arm of the sea that Brunswick is situated upon was once thought of as a Southern naval station, the water being so deep.

I made the acquaintance of quite a number of the citizens of Brunswick, who paid me marked attention, still clinging to the hope that though the iron was bonded it would eventually be devoted to the purpose for which it was intended. Among those with whom I became most intimate was a merchant named Friedlander, a German from New York, who had come South with a large stock of clothing, Yankee notions, etc., to make his fortune. I speak of him, in particular, because the acquaintance thus commenced was renewed after a long lapse of time, as mentioned in a subsequent narrative. There was a newspaper in the place which gave weekly an account of the progress of business matters, the landing of the bonded iron among the rest. There was a great deal of grumbling among the people that the iron was not laid down at once, as they expected, but no violence was threatened. They seemed to be lulled by a faint idea that the rails would be released eventually, and the road would be completed, or at least advanced till the interior of the State was gained, and thereby facilitate the moving of cotton to the seaboard for shipment to Europe. Unfortunately the

money bases of all the public business operations of Brunswick were not of a sound character ; speculation languished and hope fled.

It was very strange that Mr. John Brooks did not come in for a share of abuse, as he was the one above all others who knew about the condition of the New York land and railroad speculators and withheld it from the people. It would have taken but a very little stirring to awaken a profound sensation against him and me, but the opportunity went by and nothing was done. I associated intimately at the hotel with people most interested in the fortunes of the new town in which this proposed railroad was a very important factor, among whom was Mr. Helm, who had a good deal of money staked in various ways. Another one, Collins, was engaged in digging a canal, employing a large number of negroes of whom we hired the most of our men required for discharging cargo. I left the bonded iron, after I had built the fence round it, in charge of a Mr. Bourke, who was appointed deputy collector under Mr. Mabray.

When the ship lay on the bar previous to her coming up to the wharf, she was visited by quite a number of the town's people, who had not seen for twenty years so large a ship in Brunswick harbor. The harbor is a very pretty one, and the view from the spot where the *Agnes* lay towards Jekyl and St. Simon's Islands was truly charming. These islands are handsomely wooded, and St. Simon's, with its beautifully proportioned beacon, is an object of pleasure not often met on the Southern coast. Game of almost every description abounds upon these islands, and not infrequently deer are captured there. The

entrance to the harbor lies between St. Simon's and Jekyll Islands, and is comparatively narrow, rendering the harbor one of complete protection against storms. Oysters in great abundance literally line the creeks in the vicinity, and, though small, they are quite palatable and rich. Ducks in myriads inhabit these waters, and any day large numbers can be seen either flying over or swimming the creeks at high water. Sea Island cotton is produced on some of the other islands, and on one there is a plantation where a force of 500 negroes is employed.

Inland steamers were at that time plying twice a week between Savannah and Jacksonville, Fla. An opposition line had just been started, and my first passage was by this line on the *D. L. Adams*, having bidden my Brunswick friends "Farewell! to all a kind farewell," not deeming it probable that I should ever see any of them again. That trip was to me a novel one. Leaving Savannah, we passed down the Savannah river a number of miles into the Warsaw, then up by Thunderbolt and Bonaventura; but, although we had actually traveled fifteen miles by boat we were then only four miles, "as the crow flies," from Savannah, so crooked was our path through the low marshy lands seaward from the city. Continuing on, we passed through sounds and creeks and narrow rivers, some so narrow and shallow that two steamboats cannot pass each other, and, not infrequently, the boats ground, lying in the mud over one tide. When they get fast to the soft bottom all efforts, of course, are made to get them off, the most effectual being to send a boat ahead, manned by half a dozen negroes, who, taking a stout rope with them, fasten it to a long pole thrust deeply down into the

soft mud in a slanting position, and then attach the other end of the rope to the capstan on board the steamer; that, turned by the aid of the engines, soon drags them out of the mud. We grounded in the Mud river at half tide but could not bring the above method into requisition because the stream was so wide. For some miles the tide went out and left us as high and dry as if we had been in the middle of a prairie. I tried to see for myself how far I could thrust a pole into the mud, and, taking one about 20 feet long, I forced it down, by my own strength, from 12 to 15 feet. We were released when the water returned to half tide, and went on our way rejoicing. I truly said that this route was a novel one. Now we would be shut into a narrow stream and then we would come out again almost into the open sea. It was varied enough, but the variety afforded very little amusement. Darien, at which port we stopped, wore quite a busy aspect, and a number of schooners were loading with lumber for Southern Georgia. The famous cypress tree grew luxuriantly all along our route, its sombre drapery waving in the wind, giving a sort of funereal aspect to the scene. "Dug-outs" are made from the trunks of the cypress, and some of them are very tastily finished. I witnessed a race, subsequently, upon the Savannah river, between several "dug-outs," all manned by sturdy negroes from the island plantations. Dubigon, a rich planter on one of the islands near Brunswick, was very fond of this kind of sport, and always proud if his "boys" — all negroes are "boys" down South — were the winners of the race.

Returning to Savannah, to await messages from New York, I had as much opportunity afforded me for seeing

Southern city life as limited time allowed. Stopping at the Pulaski House, the best in the city, I met many of the first citizens whom business or pleasure called to the hotel. The house was owned and managed by Colonel Willberger, assisted by a Mr. McKenzie of Philadelphia, with James Oakes of New York as steward. Two steamship lines were running to and from New York and Philadelphia. I was quite intimate with Captain Lyon of the *Augusta* steamer. Through Cohen & Fosdick, to whose care my letters had been directed, I made quite a number of valuable acquaintances; prominent among them were Mr. Hertz of Cohen & Hertz; Paddleford & Fay, Philadelphia steamship agents, and Claghorn & Cunningham, general merchants and ship chandlers. I was indebted to Mr. Boston, collector of the port, for valuable services and advice in connection with the discharge of the *Agnes's* cargo.


Savannah is a very pretty city, pleasantly situated upon a bluff overlooking sea and country at elevated points, the cupola of the Exchange commanding a fine view of both. Agreeable surroundings, therefore, with pleasant companionship, made my sojourn in Savannah very satisfactory. I was invited out to dine several times, and, of course, had an opportunity for seeing something of the inside of Southern society. I was at Mr. Hertz's one day at dinner when the subject of slavery was introduced. "Well, Mr. Smith," said my host, "you see how I am situated. It is perfectly natural for me to hold slaves, for I inherited the two or three that I own from my father. They were brought up, as it were, in the family, with this difference; I as master, they as slaves. The right and wrong of the matter does not

trouble me, as I know nothing beyond what actually exists. They, of course, are my property, according to the law of the land, which acknowledges slaves as property that can be bought and sold." I let him do all the talking on the subject, although I indulged my own thought. Kindness was the rule extended to me everywhere, in spite of my damaging errand, and I felt grateful for the attentions shown a stranger. Hospitality is the prevailing sentiment at the South, as far as my narrow experience enables me to testify. I was happy in this, made more so by the reflection that I had so well achieved my success in performing the important office with which I had been intrusted. It was a young man's first responsible business, and I may well be pardoned for feeling proud that confidence in me had not been misplaced.

One gentleman in Savannah, Mr. Mitchell, from Portland, Me., cotton buyer for Cohen & Fosdick, evinced much interest in me, as did a Scotchman by the name of Galloway, because I was from Scotch stock. Mr. Galloway gave me a very cordial welcome, and, in the enjoyment of such kindnesses as were manifested by him and others, the threat of homesickness while waiting was banished, and I wrote to friends at home in the most cheerful spirit. I remained in Savannah partly to settle up matters, but more particularly to await the arrival of the *Agnes*, about which I had begun to feel anxious, as it was only a day or two's sail from Brunswick to Savannah. She was more than a week in making the passage, for she had nothing in her but ballast and was blown far off the coast. Upon arrival she went on the berth and loaded cotton for Boston.

I embarked for home in the steamship *Keystone State*, Captain Hardie, for Philadelphia, and, after a rather disagreeable passage, we reached Delaware Bay; the rain ceased, but the weather was so thick that the captain had to creep into the bay by soundings only. After we were fairly in the bay, it cleared up and a regular northwester blew right square in our teeth. The weather had been "soft," but during the night everything was frozen up in Philadelphia as hard as granite. I found it the same in New York and on my way home through Connecticut. I felt it the keener because, when I left Savannah, the thermometer showed 70° above, while on my arrival home, it revealed the startling figure of 30° below zero. So wide a difference could hardly be fancied possible. As I remember, it was an exceptional year for coldness, and I suffered exceedingly from the sudden change.

BRUNSWICK TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER, AND TRAVELS FURTHER SOUTH

N the 15th of February, 1878, a party of four, comprising George W. Coburn and self and the "better half" of each, left Boston for Florida, over the New York & New England railroad.

The trip to Harlem river was made with ease and comfort, and there, embarking on the great transfer steamer *Maryland*, we made the circuit of New York city to Jersey City, where we were to take cars for the "sunny South." On our way we passed "Hell Gate," properly named, where the recent explorations had been made by government engineers with a view to deepening the channel (long so perilous for commerce), and enabling sailing vessels to pass with safety. The plan of the engineers was to tunnel through the solid rock under the bed of the river, and then by electricity explode a mine of dynamite there laid, letting the debris down into the cavity below. A herculean task, but what cannot science accomplish! We passed Blackwell's Island, that great receptacle of crime and degradation, but so grand and orderly in all its arrangements; and under the great wire bridge that connects New York with Brooklyn—a gigantic enterprise. I noted great changes in East and North rivers that had occurred since my first visit over thirty years before, but the greatest change of all was in respect to shipping. Then forests of masts extended along the en-

tire water front from East river round to the Hudson, and the harbor was full of vessels at anchor waiting for dockage. Now sailing vessels are almost abandoned for steamers, and from the Battery to Pier Fifty and above is a cordon of ocean steamers and coast and river boats. Then the only ocean steamers were the Cunarders — the old side-wheelers — whose red chimneys I still recognized ; now elegant steam propellers make their way to every quarter of the globe, weaving commercial webs as the good Scotch housewife weaves her web of "braw seventeen hunder linen." A dozen lines of steamers now ply across the vast "herring pond," and each day, especially Saturday, witnesses the departure of numbers of them for their "march over the mountain wave" to their destination abroad. The Battery, which had been neglected for many years, I found greatly improved.

We were on time at Jersey City, and there took sleeping cars for Richmond — or we didn't exactly, for though a telegram to Boston had said it was all right, we found it all wrong, as four upper berths had been assigned to our party, the tenants on the lower floor unknown. Upon demanding our rights, the "gentlemanly Porter," with the importance of his position, replied, "Yes, sar, dar am foah upper berths at your service, sar," and that was the best he would do, notwithstanding all our remonstrances. We had seats in the sleeping car until we reached Philadelphia, when we found two of the sections reserved for Philadelphia not taken down. We were right on hand and made up our minds that if we could not have what we had first engaged we would break our journey and remain in Philadelphia over night and start again

next morning. No thanks were due from us to the railroad officials, who didn't seem to interest themselves in our behalf. In this condition of things a pleasant bit of a joke occurred at my expense. We spoke to the conductor and asked him what he thought regarding the prospect of our obtaining sections at Philadelphia. George was standing in the aisle, and I was sitting with my cape on. The conductor said if we were on time at Philadelphia the train would wait there fifteen minutes, but if behind time we would get away as soon as possible, and he suggested our going to the office when we arrived, and finding out whether the sleeping-car tickets were taken. Then, turning to George, he said: "You had better go, as you can go up and back so much quicker than the *old gentleman* can." We got our sections, "on to Richmond," and it was very comical to see and hear what was transpiring all about us. First there was the porter, a dignitary of more importance than the President of the road, the embodiment of *Pomp*, which perhaps was his name, though he kept dark about it. The consequence he gave to every act was amusing. The making up of the beds was a fine art in which he luxuriated. He had an assistant who did the work, but the looking on was very laborious. He was polite and attentive, but patronizing to everybody. I was made more appreciative of his weight during the night, when he tumbled over upon me, and I thought the roof of the car had fallen in. Many of the passengers could not sleep, and they seemed disposed to prevent the rest from doing so. Half-suppressed conversations between the upper and lower berths, tittering and spleeny soliloquies, restless turning and growling, looking after baggage, calls upon

the porter for water, children crying, one voice asking "Wife, did you bring them pills?"—these and all the usual attendants upon a night ride were there; and I lay quietly and laughed. By 11 o'clock, one by one the sounds ceased, and a new feature manifested itself—the nose. Then occurred a nasal concert of unsurpassed quality that was heard even above the rushing of the cars. Every variety of snoring asserted itself, from the loud snort of the masculine snorer to the gentle cadence of feminine capacity with a soporific tendency. But gradually the car settled itself to sleep, the porter standing like a dark sentinel over his recumbent charge. The train moved on very smoothly all night, although we were a little behind time, and, the engine giving out, we were delayed two hours until another locomotive came to our relief. I called the *ingin'* "Sitting Bull."

We arrived at Richmond at 9 o'clock A.M., an hour late, and drove immediately to the "Ballard & Exchange." The drivers were the most comical Jehus in ebony that I had ever seen and, thanks to the dispensation of freedom, such as these are the only *drivers* in the South now. After washing away the traces of the night ride and taking breakfast, we took carriage to make the best of our time while in the city. We had a very intelligent driver, with a broad streak of comicality about him, who took us first to Libby Prison, that noted place of suffering in which, we were told, seven hundred of our Union soldiers were confined at one time during the War of the Rebellion. It is a tobacco factory now, though some rooms in other parts of the building are devoted to other purposes. In one of these a guano factory was in operation, but we did

not linger there very long. Our next visit was to "Castle Thunder," and well called, for it must have been thundering rough for our boys to be imprisoned there. From here we were taken out of the city to see the earthworks thrown up by the Confederates for the defence of Richmond, which were very formidable and not easy to master if held by determined spirits. Fortunately the "cruel war is over," and the mounds remain only as reminders of sad scenes that "might have been."

We were shown a house upon the site of which Pocahontas is alleged to have saved the life of Capt. John Smith. There are probably other places that make the same claim, but the house was a voucher that carried some conviction with it, as did the house of Mary of Magdala as seen by Mark Twain who knew she must have lived there because he saw the house. We drove next to the Union Soldiers' Cemetery, a most interesting point for a Northerner to visit, where most of the large number buried are unknown—a sad thought! The fortifications contiguous have been levelled to a great extent and the land turned to its original uses. Such are time's changes. We took in Washington's headquarters *en route*, but the Father of his Country had so many headquarters that they possess little interest. We enjoyed more a view of Richmond from one of the high hills in the vicinity, where a very fine panorama was presented. An interesting relic was pointed out—the little St. John's church where Patrick Henry made his fiery speech against the bishops, as every schoolboy will remember.

Returning to Richmond, the Memorial Church is an edifice built upon the site of the Richmond Theatre which was burnt many years ago with great sacrifice of life. I think

the governor of the state was one of the victims. Jeff Davis's residence and that of General Lee on Main street are pointed out to visitors. The Richmond Theatre is located on Broad street, one of the principal thoroughfares. I saw Sothern here in his character of the "Crushed Tragedian," and I could not help contrasting him with the crushed Davis; Sothern was playing his part, but the other's part was a terrible verity.

The business of Richmond was almost ruined by the war, but it has recovered to a great extent. It met with a severe trial, in November, 1878, when a tremendous flood swelled the James so that it overflowed its bounds and did great damage to Richmond and all the country round about, but there is more energy there than in many other Southern cities, and Richmond is picking up what it has lost. There is considerable shipping at Richmond, and the bridge over the James is a structure of which the city may well be proud. On our way around the place, I called upon Messrs. Putny & Watts, and Mr. Watts gave me a history of his fortunes when the war broke out. He was born at the North and his sympathies were with the Union. He bought up all the Northern funds he could find, including a bill of exchange on England for one thousand pounds sterling, which he held for negotiation, though suffering much from the oppression of his neighbors. Francis Dane and F. Jones were among his best friends through all his trouble. He showed himself, amid all, a true man, and his business integrity was unimpeached.

Among many other points of interest the road was pointed out by which the Union army entered Richmond, the chagrin of the people being manifested by dilapidated fences,

not since restored. There was a Partingtonian tendency that I gravely noticed in our driver's conversation, and I did not dare to smile when "paralyzed" road was spoken of, or "calvary" for cavalry. Many of the streets are very steep, and up on the summit of Libby Hill a park is being laid out that promises well for the people as a breathing place, if they don't lose their breath in getting up to it. We went on to "Church Hill," the top of which commands a charming view.

There are fine public buildings, private residences, and rare sculpture in Richmond, though sidewalks are limited. The Medical Institute is of the Egyptian style of architecture, and very imposing. On the principal streets are the residences of the wealthy before the war, but now the occupancy has materially changed. We went into the Capitol grounds and saw the superb equestrian statue of Washington, so much admired, surrounded by statues of Virginia statesmen: Patrick Henry, Lewis, Mason, Marshall, Jefferson, Nelson. That of Henry Clay, a Virginian by birth, is by itself. Stonewall Jackson's statue has also been placed in these grounds. We visited the Capitol, and heard the "senator from Middlesex," Mr. Blain, speak upon the state tax bill. The House was also in session and we saw the congregated wisdom of the state at work. Such bodies are pretty much the same everywhere.

The state library contains many articles of great interest. These comprise many revolutionary relics, and the late war supplies a far larger number, Virginia battle flags and the Confederate seal being conspicuous. Portraits of distinguished statesmen from the North figure with those of elsewhere. Jeff Davis and General Stuart were promi-

ment, and a bust of Stonewall Jackson graced the collection. Among the ancient relics were letters from Washington, when he was twelve years old, and a letter he wrote but two weeks before his death. The Capitol itself is a very fine building.

Queer sights and sounds beset one at every turn in Richmond — queer to the stranger, who contrasts everything with what he has left behind him. "Worm snacks at all hours" attracts the epicure. The wagons are queer, with their *canvas* tops and funny looking darkey drivers, the mules in keeping with the rest of the turnout; but the *canvas* backs (ducks) one meets with here belong to a different sort of "waggin'" — that of the maxillary process — from which the darkey is omitted. There is a sense of insecurity in the best of the public carriages, and one feels, when riding, as if the bottom must speedily drop out, and if to walk one is inclined, he is followed by two or three darkies desirous of carrying something for him, if he has only a cane in sight.

The Ballard & Exchange, where we were staying, was a very fair house, though not up to the Northern standard, and was well patronized. Among the guests I observed a little man whom I recalled as one I had seen in the Senate chamber. He was a smart little man, but he was prone to indulge too much in stimulants. On the Sunday morning of our stay, I was going down to the office when I met him, and he was tending the same way, but, I judged, for a different object. He was very polite, and, taking my arm, he said, "We will walk down together." I told him I was obliged to wait there for some of my party — a "get off," I confess. I saw he was a little "under the weather,"

and immediately I heard a darkey laugh. I walked along the passage and asked the grinning Anthracite what he was laughing at. "Why, sar," said he, "dat gemman wanted you to help him down stair. He axes me to sometimes, and when I says to him 'Whar's yer servant?' he says to me, 'I discharge him, 'cause it won't do to hab two drunken men at de same time to look arter each oder.' Yah, yah, yah."

I called on Mr. Warren Curtis, an old Andover friend, who was an apprentice with Smith & Dove forty years ago. He has lived in Richmond more than thirty years, and was burnt out during the war, but has since rebuilt. It was a mutual pleasure to meet after the long separation.

Attending an African church at Richmond was quite an event, and our party fully appreciated it. There are dark preachers who come North, sometimes, but they come as missionaries, and are men of education, with no color of difference between themselves and their pale-faced brethren except the cuticle. But here was a genuine "African" preacher, though born in Virginia, with all the peculiarities of his class, and he was at his best. The church is the first colored society established in Richmond, and now numbers some three thousand members. They have a very large place of worship, and there is a good attendance, the congregation varying in complexion from light cream color to coal black. They are very attentive to strangers, as we experienced. The preacher, Rev. Mr. Holmes, gave, as his text, "Meditate on these things;" and he dwelt upon his subject with great impressiveness, at times vehemently, moving his customary hearers as only that class of negro can be moved.

"Bredren and sisters," said he, "what am meditation? I'll tell you what meditation am. When you hev got knowledge of the spirit of God, then your soul feeds upon it, and dis am meditation. You must all come to de church, and get good, and den you can go to heben and meditate dar. You can't meditate properly at home, 'cept you hev been to de house ob de Lawd, 'cause you 'gage in secular work. Why, my brudders and sisters, your pastor was mortified when he was coming to church dis yer morning. I saw a brudder carryin' home a bunch of fish! Now he ought to hev been going to church, an' his chil'ren to de Sunday School; an' his wife can't come cos she's got to clean dem fish for his breakfast. My sisters and brudders, meditate on dese tings. Many stay from de church becos dey's lazy, and don't want to come. De Lawd won't bless you if you stay at home. Now if you want de Lawd's blessing you must come to de church. You may fool some of de people, but you can't fool de Lawd. My bredren, meditate on dese tings. Sometimes, my bredren, you meet some one you know upon de street, and he don't see you. Den you tink, mebbe, dat he means ter cut yer. But, my bredren, he may be lookin' higher dan de grubbing tings ob dis world, and his mind away up among de clouds, ameditatin', yes, ameditatin' on de blessed Lawd, an' such like tings. But, my bredren, if you see a man dodging round de street corner, cos he don't want ter see you, dat am anoder ting. My bredren, meditate on dese tings."

When, reading the Bible lesson, he came to the text, "Bodily exercise profiteth nothing," he thus explained it: "Now bredren, dat means dat jumping Christians ar ob no

'count. Dey jump deir religion all out ob dem in dis world and hab nothing left for de next." The singing was good.

In the evening we went again to the same church, and heard another preacher, in a very good sermon, but lacking the native vim of that in the morning. At its close Mr. Holmes took the floor :

"Belubbed Bredren and Sisters," he said, "we want to hab a registration ob all de members of dis yer church. Dere are between two and free thousand, and de records am all lost. Now we are goin' to commence on Monday mornin' wid de names, an' I want you all to follow each other as fast as you can an' get through dis work ob de Lawd's people, an' when you put your name down on de enrolment list, I want you all to bring twenty-five cents 'cause yer know dat we hab got a great work to do, an' de church ain't done finished yet. So you must all come prepared to gib twenty-five cents when yer put yer name down. Some ob de members say to your beloved preacher, de odder day, dat it won't do to ax dem for twenty-five cents. If yer do, dey say, you cut loose some ob yer best members. But, belubbed brudders an' sisters, if twenty-five cents is goin' to keep de members from de blessed Lawd, den dem's de kind who don't want Jesus, and de kind we want to go. We don't want nuffin' to do wid 'em."

Next day (Monday) we left Richmond for Atlanta, Ga., and had a Pullman sleeper all to ourselves. We had plenty of room to "lie around loose" in all day, passing through Greensboro' and Charlotte. We stopped at the latter place for supper, but C. said he guessed he wouldn't eat anything hearty, and would be satisfied with a Char-

lotte Russe. Upon this a feminine member of the party, who felt like retiring, said: "I guess I'll take a Charlotte Roast," which was not amiss, considering the high temperature of the car. The car was a drawing room by day and a sleeper by night, and as we had it all to ourselves, with one Porter to four of us, we got along about as we pleased. It was startling, somewhere near midnight at a momentary stopping place, to hear a voice obtrude upon our stillness shouting, "Are there any drummers on to-night?" I think that some drummer had gone over the road wheedling Southern credulity, and some of his victims, of whom this energetic inquirer was a committee of one, were lying in wait for his return. The question was novel, certainly, under the circumstances.

We arrived at Atlanta, Ga., in the morning, but made a short stay there, improving our opportunity, however, to visit the Atlanta Colored College of which Rev. Dr. Bumstead is principal assisted by Messrs. Ware and Fuller. The college has two hundred students, of whom good report is made. The inexhaustible black driver with his customary characteristics is here a prime necessity, for Atlanta, though "large and respectable," like a rural caucus, is muddy.

We left, at 2.05 P.M., for Macon, Ga., riding by a peach orchard of four hundred acres, but with little presenting itself worthy of note. We could not but observe the apparent absence of industry and thrift that leaves this glorious country in a condition almost barbaric and the architecture in such marked contrast with that of the North. Many scenes reminded us of the now defunct "system;" patriarchal mansions embowered in trees and

the shabby negro huts surrounding them forcibly emphasized the disparity between the classes who now dwell here on terms of political equality, the "nigger's" vote now as good as his old "massa's."

We made a brief stop at Macon, spending the night at the Brown's Hotel, — *Brown* the standard color here, — and left at 7.30 next morning for Brunswick. The quaint negro huts had at least three at every outlook who showed remarkable interest in what was going on as the cars moved by. A newsboy came in with papers. "Hab a paper, sar," he said to George. "No," replied George, "I can't read." "Can't read!" yelled the darkey; "I bet yer ken. I know by yer looks dat you'se all ken." This was a compliment to intelligent looks, the moral of which is that everybody should try to *look* intelligent, if he isn't. At Macon the waiters were not particularly clean, for which one was taxed by a member of our party. "No, sar," said he, "zactly so, sar; but dis isn't our year to wash, sar." He must have meant it, though the rascal laughed.

Between Macon and Brunswick every point was of especial interest to me, revealing vast improvement since my visit here in 1853, when, as a young man, I performed such an important business part. Then the country was literally wild and covered with scarcely anything but timber. As we passed along, the hand of improvement was distinguished everywhere, although a devastating war had seriously retarded enterprise. The old feeling of depression that then prevailed had lifted, and a bright aspect rested upon everything, which I was glad to see, it was in such marked contrast with the former state of things. Lumber

and turpentine seemed to make the prevailing business along the route, and there were excellent facilities for transportation to the coast, where shipments were made to foreign ports, with Brunswick the port of clearance. Nearing Brunswick, we passed the junction where the Savannah & Jacksonville road crosses at Jessup, and soon arrived upon the scene of my former experience twenty-five years before. We took quarters with Mr. Moore, the hotel where I previously stopped having been burned down during the war through the recklessness of Confederate pickets who occupied it.

After tea on the day of our arrival, George and I went out to make calls and see the place. I had, while going from the railroad station to our resting places, noted many changes in the condition of things. Everything was strange to me except the "lay of the land," and I failed to see any familiar object. In company with George I made further explorations. I endeavored to locate the old wharf where the *Agnes* discharged her cargo; half of it she "carried away" at the time, and the remainder had since followed, as no trace of it was to be found; nor was there a single thing left to show that a ship ever lay there. How the clink of that iron came up in my memory! The place was covered over with buildings connected with the railroad running to Albany. The spot where I neatly piled up the iron and fenced it in to preserve it against the ravenous appetite of the town pigs was also occupied by a building belonging to the railroad. The old time marks were entirely obliterated. I thought, when the wharf was built, that perhaps shipping would be attracted to that spot and extend along the shore near by, but I

found that all the wharves and shipping were carried below to a new spot altogether. There was, I found, a marked contrast between the shipping of to-day and that of twenty-five years before. Now ships, barks, brigs, schooners, and smaller craft gave a decidedly marine aspect to the place, with new structures erected for business accommodations, which argued a healthy advance in commercial enterprise. Great improvements had also been made in the town. Buildings of every kind had been erected on the old streets and the new streets were becoming rapidly occupied, to accommodate an increasing population, that, from a few hundred when I was in Brunswick before, had grown to upwards of three thousand, to which every day was adding. Hardly enough growth, however, to warrant the original hope that some day Brunswick would rival Savannah. But who can tell what fate holds in reserve? Two railroads and a fine harbor are excellent bases to build upon, and active enterprise may overcome all minor difficulties. My opinion regarding the real progress of Brunswick is, that if a new hotel were built, worthy of the place, it would be an indication of revived hope and confidence and give assurance of stability. Some years ago Mr. Hezekiah Plummer of Lawrence, Mass., built a large hotel here, which was burned down, as well as the one where I stopped in 1853, and that neither of them has been replaced is not creditable to the town.

The next morning after our walk I called upon some of the people of the place whom I had known during my previous sojourn. I found Mrs. Brooks still living with her only remaining daughter (the eldest) in the same

house where I had so often visited in former days, Mr. Brooks and her other daughters having died in the mean time. I next sought out Mr. Friedlander, my former friend at the hotel. He was out when I called at his store, but I was received cordially by his partner, Mr. Anderson, who, after recognition, recalled the circumstances of my being there with Captain Scott so many years previous. When Mr. F. made his appearance I saw in him the same tall shrewd-looking Dutchman that I had known twenty-five years before, upon whose frame and countenance time had wrought little change. He could not at first place me, but said I was a "shentleman" he had certainly seen somewhere, but where he could not say. Thus puzzled, he seemed very anxious to get at the explanation of my familiarity with him and my general knowledge of the town. After collecting himself and straining his memory, he recalled my identity and was very glad to see me.

"Vell, Schmidty," said he, "I vas glat to zee you. Vell, vell, the Lord has peen kind mit you. Shtand up and led me hav von goot look mit you. Vell, vell, you pe not much more as dall as you used to vas, put you ish proader dis way," — drawing his hand across his breast; "Dwenty-five year ish von long dime mit a man's life. How vas Captain Scodd? He ish alife den? Vell, he vas a goot man. Oh, yaw, I regollect mit me de goot ship *Agnes*, mit de gargo of iron. You remember we poarded mit de hodel togedder. Vell, dat hodel vas gone — purnt mit the groundt off py some sogers what puilt a fire and forgod dem to put it out. You recollect Mr. Vood, de landlord? Vell, he was kilt py von of his pest vriends.

Charley Moore vos de man vot did de teed. You remember him? He vos a leedle schapp vos goom to de hodel breddy often, mit a slouch hat von site of his head. He vas trunk ven he shot Mr. Vood. Vell, Schmidty, ve haf had a pig war since you vas hereapouts, and I shust had to shut mine shop and skedadle to de goundry ourt. Our soger poys got dired mit noding to do, so dey vired some shot into de gunpoads mit de harbor, and de gunpoads shust returned de gombliment, bretty quick, too. While I vos sit in mine own house apout, dar vas one rotten shot, as de negro said, game down indo mine kitchen and bust tings. I thought, sure, de tyfel had gome. Vell, dem vas hard dimes and no mistake. H'm! dwendy-fife year since you vas hereapouts! I vonter where ve vill pe dwendy-fife year do gome. And tid you hear about my preaging mine thigh in New York cidy? Yas, I vell mit de izy bavements and I zued dat cidy for dirty dousant tollars, vich I peat dem; put I don't get no dirty dousant tollars. Only got dree dousant tollars. Dat vos all I get. Vell, Schmidty, haf you zeen any of de old beobels? Dere is some you know vot is lifing. You remember old Scranton, de bostmasder? Vell, he vas shtill alive."

"And old Josh Berry," said I, breaking in upon my voluble old friend; "what of him?" Josh was the old *black* Berry of the *Agnes* days, who gave us great amusement.

"Yas," continued Mr. F., "Josh Berry vas alive, doo. He vorks ofer mit von of the islands. I saw him apout a vortnight ago, and he's shust de zame old gomigal bow-legged cuss he vas dwendy-fife year ago. But have you zeen Mr. Bourke? Here, Shonny, run ofer to Mr.

Bourke's, and dell him to gome here right away quick. Dhere is a shentleman in my zdore vould like to zee him."

Mr. Bourke soon entered the store and my German friend, pointing to me, said, —

"Mr. Bourke, shust you but your eye on that shentleman, and dell me if you efer zeen him before."

"I think I have," replied Mr. Bourke, eyeing me closely.

"Vell, vere?" said Mr. F.

"I think his name is Smith," responded Mr. Bourke, "and that he was here with Captain Scott some twenty-five years ago."

"Vell, vell," said my German friend, "you peats me all ourt. I knew his vace, put I gouldn't gall him py name."

"Mr. Smith," said Bourke, "I wish you would leave as good a job for me this time as you did then. I watched that iron as deputy collector fourteen months, at three dollars per day, and at the end of that time it was all light-ered around to Savannah by schooners. I have the memorandum of the first money you paid me for labor when discharging. It was twenty-one dollars for seven days labor, and I saw it recently when looking over some old papers."

The interview with these gentlemen was very pleasant, and I enjoyed it hugely.

"Schmidty," said Mr. Friedlander, "I regollect me a goot shoke you got off ven Mr. Mabray mate you puild dat vence rount mit the iron after it vas landed. You said you tidn't zee the need of any prodection, unless it vas to keep the hungry bigs of Prunsvick from eading it up, and if it had peen *big* iron the bigs would haf eaten it long ago. Yaw, dat vas the best shoke of the dimes."

During the interview with these gentlemen many old scenes and associations were recalled that brought back the past very vividly. Many had departed on the long journey who had made my sojourn pleasant in the former time, and the hour of our communion was replete with the deepest interest. I regretted, exceedingly, that I could not make a longer stay in Brunswick, but I was compelled to "move on," as if a London policeman were urging his command, and we took our departure.

February 21 we left for Fernandina, Fla., on the steamer *Florence*, at 4 P.M. We passed through the Brunswick ship channel, along the whole length of Jekyl Island, and saw St. Simon's Light. There were plenty of oysters lying along the sides of the creeks and wild ducks feeding upon adjacent marshes, enough to excite the longings of sportsmen or epicures. We caught occasional glimpses of a peculiar breed of wild horses to add to our equine information, but the boat would not tarry to admit of closer examination. They were to be found only in these localities. To the purser of the boat we were indebted for much entertaining description of the scenes we passed through. It is a most agreeable thing to meet, on a journey like ours through a strange country, a gentleman so kindly communicative, and we duly appreciated his attentions. We passed through St. Andrew's sound and along by Cumberland Island, seeing innumerable flocks of ducks and other waterfowl as we went along. We took supper on board the boat, and, with nothing happening of further interest, arrived at Fernandina, a quaint old place upon the coast. We took quarters at the Egmont House, a new and elegant structure, built the previous season

and opened July 1, 1877. In front of the hotel is a garden fenced with palmetto and orange trees, which, in luxuriant foliage, were in strange contrast with the Northern trees we had but just left. It takes some time to accustom a Northerner to this change, which, however, is very agreeable. Here we celebrated Washington's birthday with appropriate honors.

The Florida darkey embodies the general peculiarities of his race, and has certain special characteristics of his own, which together form a whole that must be seen to be appreciated. In their churches, which we attended, they are much like their more Northerly brethren, but their devotion, though unique and in some respects ludicrous, is so evidently sincere that it commands respect even while it amuses. They are a lazy, happy set. One of the brightest of our party remarked that this indolence was the result of reaction; they had worked so hard while slaves that they could do nothing but rest now. One of them gave an amusing account of his treatment of yellow fever in reply to an inquiry of one of our ladies regarding that disease:

"Well," said he, "missus, when I feel de misery come — der pains, yer know, in de head and in de back — den I knowed somefin' mus' be done. Dere's nuffin' like lemons for yaller feber, but I couldn't get no lemons. So I takes der lemon leabs and steeps dem, and den I rubs myself all ober wid der wash. Den I takes snake root and makes er tea, and den I drinks dat and dat makes de appetite. I didn't have no doctor. I's my own doctor. Doctors donno how to treat yaller feber. Dey give de patient *ice*. But, missus, ef you eber hab de yaller feber,

don't you neber take ice 'cause ef yer do you freeze yer libber and yer die shu."

We visited the school for colored boys and girls during its session, and were much gratified with the appearance of the scholars' proficiency. It is under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Ballard, and bears evidence of painstaking care on the part of the teachers. We heard the classes in their several exercises, and a brighter school it would be hard to find anywhere. Their reading and spelling were especially good, and we were allowed to hear them sing, which they did with real credit to themselves. I brought away with me the autograph of Master Joseph R. Howard, a boy of ten years, that astonished me by its excellence. It was rapidly written, but the letters were connected and evenly formed, and many an expert in penmanship would fail to produce anything much better. I could scarcely have credited the possibility of the thing had it not been done right before my eyes.

We enjoyed a pleasant ride along the beach, for two or three miles and gathered shells for mementos. The beach is some twenty miles long and the bland air and the sea render a ride over it very delightful. Returning, we made a circuit of the old town, which we found exceedingly picturesque. Ending a very pleasant day with a supper at 6.30, we left by rail at 8 P.M. for Jacksonville.

We arrived at Jacksonville at 1.30 A.M., the last part of the road being very "hubbly." A country editor thus speaks of this road: "It has three receivers: one to receive for the bondholders, Mr. Day (the superintendent) who receives all the money, and the *ditch* which receives the

trains." Hard, but may have a share of truth in it. We enlivened the way among ourselves by a quartette of pleasantries, with no growls of discontent, thankful that we had escaped the last-named receiver.

On arriving at Jacksonville we had our baggage checked for the St. James Hotel, and inquired for the "close carriage" which, by prearrangement, we had ordered for our personal conveyance. At the station the vehicle was awaiting us, and we were at once piloted to it. It was a "*close carriage*," indeed! All had to sit *close*, the air was *close*, and the remarks made were *close* upon the style of objurgation which the irreverent sometimes make; but fortunately the hotel was *close* at hand, and upon reaching it, the ladies vowed, as ladies do, that never would they put foot in a "close carriage" again. But the sequel showed how liable people are to forget. When we stopped at Palatka, subsequently, it was raining, and the hotel porter who was on hand at the steamer took some of our traps, and said, "The ladies can ride, it will cost them nothing." So on they went, not dreaming of what awaited them. On arriving at the carriage, forgetting for the moment their former determination, in they got, only to find themselves in a *close carriage* of the former pattern! I saw what was impending and could hardly keep my countenance until they were fairly in. It was too good an opportunity to lose and I shouted, "*Close carriage* for ladies to the St. James!"

The rain continued all night after our arrival at Jacksonville, and in the morning we banished hope of being able to do anything during the day; but along in the forenoon the weather cleared up, and we went out for a walk.

A beautiful garden extended along the front of the hotel, as at Fernandina, which gave a very pleasant aspect to the scene. It contained many fine orange trees laden with the most delicious looking fruit. We went down upon the business streets and visited several curiosity shops, where principal among the temptations to buy were alligators' teeth made into a large number of forms, shoe-buckles, whistles, scarf pins, etc., some of which we purchased. "Greenleaf's Jewelry Store" is a famous place of resort for visitors. Here we found quite a zoölogical garden in the rear, bears, alligators, wildcats, and other "varmint," comprising the collection. Some specimens of alligator teeth were shown us that were very beautiful, and from the obliging proprietor we learned much about Florida grasses and other ornamental products of the country concerning which Northern ladies are greatly interested.

Next day being Sunday, we attended church and heard a sermon by Rev. Solon Cobb from the North, whom we had met at the hotel. In the evening we went to a colored church and heard a black preacher discourse on the subject of the wise and foolish virgins. He was very quaint in his illustrations and made no such mistake as the white preacher who, in speaking upon the same subject, said that there were ten virgins, five of whom were males and five females. After the sermon, a notice was read stating that money was wanted for church purposes, and the colored preacher descanted upon it. The dialect must be imagined.

"Now brethren," said he, "we want money — money to finish our church — and I ask you to give us fifty dollars.

You are all able to do, and it won't hurt you a bit. You have got plenty of money, so give us fifty dollars, and we'll fix up the gallery and put in seats and not have any one stand up any more. If you can't give us just 'zaxly' fifty dollars, why, give us twenty-five."

The collection was taken up, and the result showed but *eight* dollars, and the preacher, peeping over the pulpit where the deacons were counting the money, said, —

"Now brethren, I am disappointed. I had a 'putty' spiritual song that I was going to sing if you had given fifty dollars, but I can't sing for only eight dollars."

The amount collected was handed to him, and he continued, —

"I'm glad you have given that, but it isn't quite enough for you to get the 'putty' spiritual song. I hope the Lord will bless you for what you have given, but if you want to go to the New *Jerusalem*, you ought to make it up to fifty dollars."

After this, a few commenced to sing, accompanied by a sort of dance the solemnity of which could only be seen by the performers themselves. This church was called the St. James Theatre.

Next day, at 1.30 P.M., we took the the steamer *Sappho* for Tocei, where we embarked on the train for St. Augustine, arriving February 25. This city is one of special interest to the historian, it being the first permanent settlement that was established on this continent, the foundations of which were laid by the Spaniards in 1565. The French Huguenots had tried to possess it, but Melendez, under direction of the Emperor of Spain, drove them from the soil with terrible cruelty, and it became the scene of

violence and bloodshed which continued for many years. Early on the morning after our arrival we went out to see the old town and first visited the meat and fish market. At the latter were mullet, drum, sea bass, and other varieties, not abundant, but looking fresh and nice. I found the fishermen very communicative regarding the manner of taking fish in Southern waters, in some respects different from our modes at the North. There is a sea-wall, and the main town is separated from the beach by a road, so that the beach is inaccessible by land. The streets are very narrow, and the sharp curves remind one of Marblehead or some of our oldest towns whose streets, it is said, follow the tracks the cows made when going for water. Curiosity shops abounded, where the customary Southern varieties of traffic could be had — alligators' teeth (wrought into many forms), stuffed alligators and birds, elegant shells, orange-tree canes, etc. These find a ready purchase by Northerners. The buildings are low and of a peculiar architecture, made of a material formed of sea-shells, and called "coquina." It is found on the shore and proves a very excellent building material, but, unlike natural stone, it crumbles with time though otherwise tolerably durable. A great many houses of St. Augustine are built of it. Mr. Ball, of the firm of Ball, Black & Company, New York, has a fine residence here. We called at the house, which sits in the midst of fine grounds shaded by luxuriant trees and is approached by a broad avenue from the main street beneath an arch of orange trees. These trees had grown into a thick hedge at least 20 to 25 feet in height and were loaded down with fruit. This arched avenue leads to a circular inner enclosure. On the oppo-

site side of the circle is another arched passageway, and paths diverge from the centre through the orange grove beyond.

We continued our walk to the adjacent mansion of a Mr. Anderson, where we were much interested in seeing the process of preparing oranges for the market. Men and boys were busily engaged in handling the fruit, which, as soon as gathered, is put into a room on a sort of rack prepared for the purpose, where, after it has lain for two or three days, it is sorted over, papered, and graded. We went through the grove and picked from the trees the most delicious oranges we had ever eaten. Oranges eaten upon the spot seem to have a better flavor. This was a particularly pleasant episode, and formed a red-letter item in our pilgrimage. We could hardly realize that but three or four days' travel separated us, amid scenes of tropical luxuriance, from the ice and snow of wintry New England. Truly this is a fast age!

The beach we did not visit, nor the lighthouse, as the weather was somewhat disagreeable. It rained during the forenoon, which limited somewhat our explorations, but we made a good record. Returning, *via* the Square, we saw the monument, the old cathedral, and St. Augustine Hotel; and going round among the curiosity shops along by the sea, we made purchases to take home, among which were *two alligators*, that were placed in boxes and christened "Helen's Babies" by the jocular vender. We accepted the name, and they came along with us under that title.

In the afternoon we set out again, bent upon sight-seeing. We passed through St. George street, so narrow that a Northern load of hay would find it a "tight fit" in

navigating it. We went to the old city gates, the old coquina pillars and sentry-box still standing in good state of preservation. In old times the city was undoubtedly walled all around for protection against enemies, for then strong walls were a necessity. We visited the old Fort Marion, a grand and well-planned fortress, encircled by a moat, and we went through its various winding and intricate recesses. There were about 100 Indians of two or three different tribes from out West confined here at the time of our visit. They were very docile, then, but when first sent there they were very wild. Two or three of them caught a cow and, taking her into a fort, butchered her and ate her flesh raw and drank her blood. They employ themselves by making bows and arrows, and for amusement draw quaint pictures of buffalo and antelope hunts, pitch bean bags, and play other games. They have a room 200 by 40 feet, and each one is allowed a space where his bunk stands. In the daytime the bedclothes and mattresses are rolled up and fastened to the head of the bunk, leaving the room thus gained for a seat. These bunks are arranged on both sides of the room, and a large stove for cold weather occupies the middle space. In this fort no dungeons were supposed to exist, save one that was accessible to all, but in 1846 a little settling was noticed where heavy cannon had been moved, and investigation disclosed a large dungeon and a human skeleton hidden away within it. It being perceived that the stones composing the sides of the wall were different from the rest, these stones were removed and another dungeon discovered with passages leading to the end walls, in which were found two iron cages containing human bones, sup-

posed to be the remains of some distinguished Spaniard who was left to die here for political offences. The Spaniards were a cruel people when the old fort was built. In the fort are casemates all around, one of which, we noticed, had been used as a chapel, as the little marks on the wall where the candles were placed still remain. We were shown the casemate where Osceola, the chief of the Seminoles, was confined, but from which he made his escape. The old ordnance sergeant in charge of the fort told the story with great gusto.

Our stay at St. Augustine was necessarily brief, but the time was well improved. We left February 27, *per* rail to Tocei, over a road that has no equal on this continent for eccentricity of make and management. It was originally a horse railroad, and now that it had reached the dignity of steam, its cars were of two or three different patterns, for passage in which a charge of 14 cents per mile was levied. The road was owned by William B. Astor, and he must have been relying upon its receipts as his principal source of income. We reached Tocei without accident or adventure, and embarked upon the *Sappho* for a trip up the St. John's river to Palatka. The St. John's is a pleasant, but dull and monotonous stream, seeming to be oppressed with the inertia that characterizes Southern life, and not choosing to hurry any. There are broad stretches here and there that widen into the importance of small lakes, and along its low shores are vast expanses of wild growths that seem to spring directly from the water. There are sunny little coves that occasionally appear, and settlements and solitary houses that show human habitation, and these relieve the sameness; but the river is alto-

gether unlike the blue streams of the North and seems fitted to be the home of the alligator and malaria.

We arrived at Palatka on the 28th, at 7.30 P.M., under dampening circumstances described elsewhere, but a "close carriage" took our party to the Putnam House, a new hotel built a few years previously. Palatka is the principal town upon the river, and growing rapidly. The rain prevented our going out, and in the morning we left by the little steamer *Pastime* for a trip up the river. We ran past numerous fishermen with their nets set for shad and their little boat landings where they took care of their fish scattered along at intervals of a mile or so. At one landing, orange packing for market was going on, the colored brother owning many trees along the river. There were some grand islands that we passed; of these was Drayton Island (Calhoun's orange plantation), with a hotel upon it, and Hibernia, a real gem of the *see*. There were a few houses on this, one of which was especially pleasant, with a beautiful green lawn that descended to the water's edge. Mrs. Stowe's plantation (Mandarin) was pointed out, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did not appear in the scene.

We were on the lookout for alligators, and the scarcity of these amphibia vexed us. One boy on board the *Pastime* said he saw one about six feet long, and that boy at once achieved a character. Not an alligator did we see between Palatka and Sanford, and that boy who alleged that he saw one people began to regard as a fabulous *allegator* himself.

We arrived at Sanford at 7.30 and went directly to the Sanford House, which we found to be well kept by Mr. Winslow, the manager, to whom we had letters of intro-

duction. Sanford was not much of a place in itself. It had two piers, a few buildings and stores, and that was about all, with the hotel. It is situated on one of the lakes formed by the widening of the river, and if there is not much enterprise in the town, the town of Enterprise on the other bank stands ready to urge it on by wholesome emulation. They are both said to be good places for invalids, and many sportsmen come there. We merely spent the night at Sanford, and returned next day on the *Pastime* to Palatka.

The day was most beautiful, and again alligators were our quest. We closely watched the banks in hope of seeing some of them basking in the sun. We crossed Lake Monroe, another widening of the river, that we were told abounded with fish and plenty of game, but not an alligator had we seen. We were told that bears and deer frequented the woods upon the shore, and the day before we had dined upon wild turkey on the boat, but what was all this to us when our minds craved sight of the festive alligator?

A great shout was heard: "Oh, there's an alligator!" and every one, in an instant, was on foot to take the alligator in hand, or at least to get a glimpse of it, when, to everybody's disgust, it proved to be a log — "blind alligators," they are called. It was a satisfaction to cast it in the teeth of the St. John's that more alligators were to be seen in the Boston Museum than on the biggest river in Florida. About 11.30 all were on the bow of the steamer eager to get the first sight of an alligator. Several pretended to have seen one, but no one else took stock in the assertion, when presently there arose another cry: "There's

one!" "Where, where?" was the response. "Why, don't you see him on that log?" All eyes were turned towards the spot indicated, and there, sure enough, stretched upon a log, was his alligatorship, as if asleep in the pleasant sunshine. In a moment the crack of a rifle was heard, and the monster rolled off the log, but not without feeling the effect of the shot which struck him on the tail, wounding that caudal adornment, but not affecting him vitally. I was in the pilot house at noon, and the pilot told me to look sharp along the shores at a certain point, and I should probably see one. I thus acted, and, as he had said, there almost instantly appeared a large one on the bank, seeming to be looking at us very complacently, as if he were trying to comprehend what we were. We had a good long look at him, when a rifle ball was despatched at him, but he was too quick for it and plunged into the water with a great splash a second before the ball reached him. Our way down from Orange Bluff was a panorama of cypress trees hung with moss and mistletoe, palmetto trees, stump snags, alligators (of which we saw quite a number), and all the concomitants of Southern scenery, never tedious, though monotonous, enlivened by pleasant association and agreeable conversation on the *Pastime*, regarding which one feminine of our party had said that *one* "pastime" was in "looking for alligators." Shot followed shot as the hideous monsters appeared, but with what result was not known, as they did not stay to report damages.

I made a number of striking drawings of scenes between Sanford and Palatka, which, though not illustrative of the highest development in art, give a graphic view of locali-

ties that will be great aids to memory in after time. They are preserved in my notebooks. And *apropos* of pictures, at the Putnam House in Palatka a lady sent one of the waiters for the stereoscope and photographs, and he asked for the "telescope and photograms."

We arrived at Palatka at 6.30 P.M. and by a unanimous vote decided that we had had a very pleasant time and voted the weather delicious. We took quarters for the night at the Putnam House, an excellent hotel, kept by Vermont people. After breakfast next morning, I took a row on the river to try my hand at trolling for fish in Southern waters, but the wind was so high and raised so rough a swell that I had no luck. While I was on this piscatory mission the rest of our party visited Hart's orange grove, and were there at the landing to meet me on my return.

At 3.30 P.M. we embarked on the steamer *Hampton* for Green Cove Springs, nothing of importance transpiring during the voyage. We arrived at 6 o'clock, designing to stay over Sunday which was next day. We realized that greatest pleasure in life to absentees, the receipt of letters from home, worth going away from home to enjoy. How precious a familiar hand seems at such time!

It rained hard during the night, but the succeeding day promised well, and I was up bright and early to enjoy it. Green Cove is a popular resort for invalids, of whom quite a number were at the hotel. I went down to take a look at the spring and taste the water, which is discharged at the rate of 3000 gallons per minute. The weather continued fine (the thermometer registering 75 degrees), and after dinner we all took a stroll down to the river and along its

banks. There is a beautiful path leading to Magnolia, distant one and a half miles, and the surrounding scenery is very fine. The trees are draped with moss and exceedingly picturesque. In the evening we enjoyed some good singing in the parlor.

Monday morning, March 4, we bade good-bye to Green Cove, and took the steamer *Sappho* for Jacksonville. It was quite cool, the mercury having fallen 12 degrees in about as many hours. We arrived at 2.30 P.M., and immediately went to the St. James hotel, where excellent rooms awaited us. After dinner we went out in search of curiosities, Bay street being the main locality for such trade, and Pelton's store the most frequented. This store is an antique of the rarest character, and the proprietor himself seems like some fossil that has returned to life. We found preparations for a church fair in progress, which showed that Northern customs were obtaining a foothold at the South; showing, also, that fairs and fashions may become important factors in promoting unity between Northern and Southern ladies.

Next morning we took a row boat and went up the river about three miles to the splendid residence of Mrs. Mitchell, whose spacious garden and orange grove have a wide reputation. On landing at the grounds, visitors are required to record their names. Upon entering the garden, directly in front of the entrance, and some hundred feet beyond, was the house, or cottage, with a piazza all around it and balconies, pretty well up from the ground, with lattice work underneath. The garden is laid out in walks, with a fountain in the centre. The orange grove is upon the left and right of the garden and

in the rear. In the rear, also, is a long covered walk designed for grapes. On the bank of the river and just inside the enclosure are large trees hung with moss. This moss is the favorite decorative design of nature at the South, and here it was displayed to fine advantage. One large tree had seats in it and costly arrangements for a party to occupy the elevated premises. Pedestals, or altars, we observed, were distributed around the grounds, with receivers for pitchpine to be fired on occasions in the evening, and shed light on the scene. This plan of torch-light is quite common up and down the river, and one such illumination we had the pleasure of witnessing.

I spent a whole day in exploring Arlington creek, starting at 9 o'clock with a darkey boy to row me. Arlington creek is down the river about four miles on the opposite side from Jacksonville. On entering the creek I began to troll, but with little success at first. The water looked all right, and we started out from the coves some fine large trout, but from some cause or other they would not strike. Pursuing our course up, skilfully playing my line and wondering whether I should encounter a hungry trout or a black bass, I was suddenly awakened from my dreamy doubt by the consciousness that something of an animated nature was tugging away at the other end of my line. Whatever it was I handled it carefully, and in a few moments a fine black bass, of some three pounds' weight, was floundering in the bottom of the boat. So much to begin with. The sun was pretty hot and the water glassy—very inopportune for successful fishing—and I came to the conclusion that our "catch" would be small under the circumstances. I have never seen, however, a better spot

for fishing, and had I been on the ground and trolled from the bank, instead of on the water — it being then the middle of the day — I am quite certain that I should have had rare sport. The creek is bordered by wild land on each side, and the water grass and lily pads are just the place for fish. After moving up the creek a number of miles, we turned back, Robert, my colored oarsman, calling at a negro hut for something to eat. Here was a rare sight to see; a mother and six children sitting in the dirt together. When nearly opposite the point where I caught the bass, I hooked another and secured it. It was a much finer fish than the first. We returned to Jacksonville at 4 P.M., against a strong wind and tide, and found our party at the landing awaiting my return.

It was drawing near the time when we were to bid farewell to Jacksonville. After tea we settled our bills and in the evening went down to the steamboat *David Clark*, and slept on board. She was to start for Savannah at 3 o'clock in the morning, and sailed on time, but when on her way about 30 miles she suddenly stopped, and no coaxing of the captain or engineer could make her budge one inch. We were just at the mouth of The Sisters, a creek 15 miles long, and so narrow that two boats could not pass at some points. The tide was rising, which was in our favor. All were on deck at once to see what was going on and inquire regarding the mud's adhesive qualities. By and by she started as if to free her keel from the sticky encumbrance, the boat being so arranged that she could back one wheel and push ahead with the other. She had not gone far before she came to a stand again; but not for long, however, and she came off headed for

Fernandina, at which place we expected to arrive by 12 M. It is exceedingly interesting, as well as novel, to make one trip, at least, through these marshes; not that there is so much to see, but it is interesting to see what a steamer can do when handled in a skilful manner while passing among them. We were fortunate in seeing a pelican, and several shots were fired at him, but, although they fell around him like hail, not one seemed to touch him. One gentleman remarked that the bird seemed to think some one was feeding him with corn, he minded the shot so little. I couldn't see how he was *le(a)d* to this conclusion. It caused a good deal of merriment to see him sail along so unconcernedly, as if in defiance of the sharpshooters. Many porpoises were seen in the lakes likewise, with game everywhere on water and on shore; ducks, crane, blue heron, gulls, blackbirds, crows, in infinite variety.

We arrived at Fernandina at 1 P.M., the weather very hot. We were now out of Florida, and I was not very sorry. Florida may possess a good climate for those troubled with lung difficulties, but for those afflicted with rheumatism, I do not think, from careful observation, that it presents any advantages. The nights are damp, and there must, naturally, be a good deal of miasma from the low, swampy condition of the land. Jacksonville is *flat* and catches all the northern *flats*, and as the weather is quite debilitating, it makes one feel *flat*, which is not very *flattering* to the place or its visitors. I have mentioned very little about the Florida negroes, but they maintain the characteristics of their race. They are the same happy-go-lucky set, rejoicing in their freedom, though in St.

Augustine I found an old negro woman who regretted that she couldn't go into slavery again. Many of the negroes are small farmers, and their farming management is peculiar. For instance, I am told that in ploughing, when a negro gets to the end of the last furrow, he leaves his plough in it until the next season, hangs his harness on the nearest fence, and permits his mule to lunch upon his straw collar, so he has to make a new one when the time comes for using it again. How the poorer ones live it is hard to tell. I asked a negro at Jacksonville what he lived on. "Yanks (Yankees) in winter and catfish in summer," was his quick reply, and it may serve as well for other sections. But there is a new ambition awakened among the better classes of the negroes, who are intelligent and industrious, making good citizens in their new freedom, and having their own bank accounts.

We left Fernandina for Savannah by the "Inland Route," which I have previously described, to touch at Brunswick, where we arrived at 7 P.M. Thence we went to Savannah, where we docked at 12 o'clock, and immediately proceeded to the Pulaski House, my old hotel of twenty-five years before. The same rule of good rooms and a good table was still observed, but the house bore evidence of passing time. My first object in Savannah was to look up some of my old friends, but few of them were left to greet me. Claghorn & Cunningham were still in business, and I had an interesting interview with Mr. Claghorn, who was exceedingly glad to see me after so many years. He was a major general in the War of the Rebellion, but no allusion was made regarding national affairs. I met, also, Mr. H. B. Luce, the former keeper

of "our house." These were all that were left of my former friends. "Bonaventura," the beautiful cemetery which we visited, holds the remains of most of them in trust. This celebrated cemetery, with its gothic-shaped arches formed by the moss hanging down from the live-oak trees that line the driveways, was owned formerly by the Wiltbergers, and was private property when I first visited Savannah. Colonel Wiltberger, formerly proprietor of the Pulaski House, has a splendid monument there. The city gave evidence of great prosperity, having recovered very rapidly from the effects of the war. Marked changes had taken place since my former visit. It had extended up the river and at all other points. The continuation of Bull street was a great improvement, with the beautiful park at the end, in which there is a fine fountain that gives grace to the vicinity. Just beyond there is a new park, occupying several squares, with a Confederate monument in the centre. There are some charming residences in Savannah, and in all respects it is one of the finest cities in the South.

As we were to remain in the city over Sunday, we were told not to miss attending the Savannah market, a great point of attraction on Saturday night. It is called "Negro's Night," because on this evening all the colored population of Savannah congregate there. We accordingly visited the market, and a novel scene presented itself. There were thousands, representing every shade of color and condition, who were purchasing or interviewing or idling, and a more indescribable Babel of tongues could not exist anywhere than was there exhibited. All were equally clamorous, from the venerables of either sex to the young-

est who appeared to feel that this night was indeed theirs, as it had been from long custom, and they needed no Fourteenth Amendment to strengthen their claim. A better-natured crowd it would be impossible to imagine, with whom traffic and social intercourse were equally blended, and their clear voices and happy laughter rang on the evening air like unwritten music, with a careless and happy abandon, the light flashing from the torches illuminating the congregated faces and giving a weird appearance to the scene. To those unaccustomed, the whole was very interesting and amusing, and to stand quietly by and listen to conversations carried on in the quaint negro dialect, or to note the processes of trade with the customary altercations regarding prices, afforded a very funny opportunity for studying the negro character. One feature was striking, the negro politeness that distinguishes these people in their intercourse with each other. This rarely fails, and the "sar" and "ma'am" are seldom omitted in conversation. In trade, however, "sharp is the word," and many funny exchanges of tongue were observed that denoted shrewdness and cunning. The market is a fine large building and well arranged, but the outside, on "Negro Night," is most attractive. The stalls are bountifully supplied, and everything can be had from a yoke of steers to a spring chicken. Beef cost 16 cents per pound, shad 15 to 50 cents apiece, the shad being the largest I ever saw. There were trout, mullet, bass, sheepsheads, etc., in great quantities, but the hungry crowd made them beautifully less. Our marketing done, we returned to the hotel, where we spent Sunday, making new acquaintances and confirming our good opinion of Savannah.

We left on Monday morning for Augusta, Ga., on our way North, by rail, inspired by the hope of soon reaching home. "By rail," at the South, however, does not always imply speed or comfort, and we did not seem to advance with a movement accordant with our anticipations. Having gone over so much of the Southern territory, and each succeeding scene seeming but a repetition of that which we had just left, the journey grew wearisome. The same "shiftless" condition of things, so disgusting to Miss Ophelia in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," prevailed everywhere, with negroes and hogs preponderating, of which the latter seemed the most energetic, provoking the remark from one of our party that hogs appeared to lead in respect to industry, for they did, at least, root for a living. One thing, however, was active and annoying. The air was active with a perfume not that of "Arabia the Blest," and at every wayside station it was evident, but more especially at a junction where we took our dinner. It grew intolerable, and every one wondered what could cause it. We remembered the former Libby smell, and queried whether the state of Georgia were going into guano manufacture in order to produce a higher cultivation. The nuisance continued until we reached Augusta, when we discovered that we were on a mixed train, with freight cars attached, two of which were loaded with guano.

We immediately left Augusta for Aiken, S.C., under better auspices, but with little change in the aspect of things. Aiken is regarded as being probably the best place at the South for invalids troubled with bronchial difficulties. Many accord it this pre-eminence, its elevated position and

pure air conducing to health. There certainly was a better air attending our approach than that which followed us to Augusta, and there was, besides, an air of cleanliness and thrift about the place that warranted our good opinion. The "standing committee" was large that welcomed our arrival at Aiken. It was an awfully hot day, and as we were alighting from the train the cry, "*Hab a close carriage, Missus?*" almost drove the ladies frantic, awakening the memory of Jacksonville. We were beset by negro hackmen, who seemed to come in battalions, surrounding us persistently with a zeal worthy of New York. "Hab a bo'ding house, Missus?" yelled one, when a darkey, rushing past, cried in a stentorian voice, "Dem don't want no bo'ding house. Dem's gwine ter Highland Park House, dem is. Dem don't want no bo'ding house, dem don't." So we went to the Highland Park House.

Our stay at Aiken was very limited, though the place seemed to possess many interesting features, and, in the language of the negro song, —

" We're off to Charleston, so airy in de mornin',
We're off to Charleston, afore de broke o' day."

MY THIRD TRIP TO BRUNSWICK AND THE SOUTH



APRIL 2, 1883. Having made arrangements for a trip South, I embarked, with Capt. W. F. Goldthwaite, upon the steamer *Old Dominion*, of the Old Dominion line between New York and Norfolk, Va. At 3.30 P.M. we started upon our voyage, steaming down New York harbor among its crowds of shipping and amid infinite variety of scene on shore and wave. The large Cunard steamer *Scythia* passed us as we neared the Battery. Staten Island and the Narrows wore their usual pleasant aspect, and at the Quarantine ground there were several steamers waiting permission to enter. In the offing, steamers and sailing vessels of all varieties of rig presented a lively spectacle. One of the former (the *Werra* of the German Lloyd line), ploughed her way majestically through the water, a leviathan among the smaller craft. There were fishing vessels bound in with supplies of fish for the New York market, and tugs towing ships and barks out to sea. Coney Island and Rockaway were on our left, and Sandy Hook light appeared away to the right in the distance. We passed the lightship soon after, and then skirted along the Jersey shore, now well on our Southern track, reminded of similar experiences on board the *Bermuda* in 1880. The harbor scenes which present themselves to one sailing out of New York are ever changing, but the grand groundwork remains unchanged, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.



After supper we strolled upon deck, but though the evening was fair, the air was too cool for the enjoyment of a seat. I found diversion in becoming acquainted with my fellow passengers, and later enjoyed quite a chat upon North Carolina farming and the raising beef and mutton for market, in which a man from North Carolina named Smith had the floor most of the time. We turned out early next morning and after a very good breakfast, passed the forenoon in social intercourse with the passengers, which was enlivened by anecdotes and tales of personal adventure. A Mrs. B. H. Cutter indulged in a lecture on the evils of smoking to quite a number who were enjoying their pipes and cigars. She singled out for special effort a young Virginian who used the "weed" pretty freely, and that young man will not soon forget the old lady's lecture. One thing noticeable was the good humor with which she treated the subject, though she was met with all sorts of arguments and excuses. Success, I say, to the old lady!

About noon we passed the lightship on Five Fathom Bank, and an officer standing on the paddle box threw a package of newspapers to the lightkeepers on board — a real blessing to those so isolated. Soon after we passed Hog Island Light, with seventy-five vessels in sight nearly all coming out of Chesapeake Bay. After dinner we were opposite Smith's Island, fifty-five miles from Norfolk, and at 3.30 we were off Cape Henry with clouds of sail in sight. At 5 P.M. we passed the Rip-Raps, with Old Point Comfort, Fortress Monroe, and the big Hygeia Hotel in full view to the right of us, Newport News a few miles up the bay, and the little island of Hampton — all historical places, their names suggesting some of the most

active scenes of the late war. On these waters the little "cheese-box on a raft" (the *Monitor*) furnished breakfast for the huge iron-clad *Merrimac* that required the whole Confederacy to digest. The cheese in that box was *mitey* beyond all precedent. We arrived at Portsmouth, Va., at 6.30 P.M., and crossed the ferry bridge in the rickety creaky old 'bus that runs to the hotels in Norfolk. The "Southern element" here began to show itself among the darkies, with strange phizzes and tattered garments, filling the air with their merry laughter. We found quarters at the Hotel Virginia.

It had been a cold winter, followed by a backward spring, but at Norfolk the climate was mild compared with that of New York. The evening of my arrival I took a walk about town with my friend Goldthwaite and stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. The colored barber gave my boots which were cloth-covered an awful stare, and, before adjusting his towel or making any other preparation, said, in a most astonished manner, as I placed my boots upon the foot-rack, —

"Well, Boss, yer don't kotch cold in dem shoes. Whar on earth did yer come from, that you hab to wear such shoes as dose?"

I told him I had just come out of a snow bank, and it seemed almost as if the barber shivered while he shook with laughter. While I was occupying the chair a gentleman entered, a little above medium stature, and sat down near the door. He immediately entered into conversation with the "Boss Barber," and I learned from the confab which ensued that he was a newspaper reporter. During a pause the barber broke out:

"Why, golly," said he. "I's neber so pleased in my life as I was when I heer'd about dat scrape you got into las' night. Dat was de best ting out. I'b laughed about it all day long. Why, golly, what did you let 'em fool ye for?"

My curiosity was much excited by what I heard, and I listened closely to get an explanation of the remark made by my tonsorial friend. The man wore an astonished look under his broad-brimmed slouch hat, and it seemed that he was debating in his mind whether to get angry or laugh at the remark. I learned that a "job" had been put upon the "gentleman of the press" by some mischievous chaps who had gone to his house and roused him up at 2 o'clock in the morning by a bogus story of a bank robbery. One of the banks, they said, had been robbed and the robbers had been caught and lodged in jail. He got up and, with his informants, rushed to the jail where two men who had been arrested for some common offences were pointed out to him as the bank robbers. He immediately telegraphed to the "New York Herald" a full account of the robbery with an elaborate description of the robbers, even to the diamond studs they wore in their shirt fronts and other minutiae that suggested themselves to a newspaper man's fertile fancy. The reporter was irritated that he had been hoaxed, and the barber's bantering "touched the raw," but he restrained himself.

"I s'pose," said the shaver, "dat you'll telegraph to de 'Herald,' and contradic' dat 'ere story."

"Not by a —— sight," said he. "No, sir: catch *me* saying anything about it. It is enough for me to say what I did; let somebody else contradict it. Go to change every-

thing that don't turn out just so, and you would have your hands full. No, sir — no contradiction in mine."

We remained in Norfolk only over night, and early next morning, *April 4*, prepared to take the first boat for Old Point Comfort. Bidding adieu to "mine host," we took the 'bus and after some severe tossing and tumbling, as if there were a heavy sea running, we reached the wharf where the steamer lay. Our baggage on board, the whistle blew, and soon we left the old city of Norfolk behind us with all its *outs* and *inns*, particularly glad that we were *out* of the Virginia *inn*. We retraced our course down the Elizabeth river, crossing the mouth of the James, and here we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. We took breakfast on board, and had what a Yankee would call a "good feed." The whistle sounded again, announcing our arrival somewhere, and we came slowly up to the wharf at Newport News, where some of the passengers landed who came on with us from New York. This place had undergone a great change since the war. A company of capitalists were constructing large wharves and storehouses suitable for the terminus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. It was proposed to take the great grain product of several of the Western states to Europe by this route.

We made but a short stop at Newport News and then sped on our way for Old Point Comfort which we reached in about thirty-five minutes. Fortress Monroe has had its attractions in the past and in war times was a point of deep interest towards which the eyes of the nation were turned, but at the present time it yields the palm to the famous Hygeia Hotel, only 100 yards from the Fortress, at

the confluence of Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads. This hotel is capable of accommodating 1000 guests; I did not care to stop there, however, and sought conveyance to the Little Point Comfort Hotel. We passed up the road to the carriage stand where conveyance may be had to and from the boats and accommodation between whiles for visitors. We encountered there the confusion of tongues of Babel and, after a struggle about equal with that of Saint Paul at Ephesus, we obtained a carriage for Hampton about three miles distant. As we approached the stand, as many as thirty black drivers rushed at us pell-mell like so many flies after a drop of molasses, and such a siege as we had to stand! Of the thirty, twenty-nine had to be disappointed, and competition ran high. We passed through the black cloud — that had no silver lining but the silver shekels we were to pay for conveyance — to make our selection of the carriages, and when we had done so then began the fun and sarcasm of those left out in the cold. All were united in the opinion that we had made a very bad choice, and what a chattering of unfavorable comment arose — "enough to deave a miller." "Dem wheels wants greasing," cried one: "Dat ere top's shaky," said another: "Der boss 'll never get dar, shu, he's so lazy," put in a third, and the whole twenty-nine were equally encouraging and complimentary. It was a comical scene, and the greatest good-nature prevailed among the contestants. We agreed upon terms with our chosen driver, but when he saw our heavy baggage consisting of two large bags, he demurred.

"Well, Boss," said he, looking at the "traps" with a serio-comic expression that only a Southern darkey can

put on, "I'll do as I said, but I tink yer oughter gib me sebenty-fibe cents ef I take dem big verleses 'long. Yes, Massa, it am wuff twenty-fibe cents extra, shu, to take dem."

"Go ahead, my boy," said I, "and if you do the job well you shall have the extra quarter."

He grinned his thanks, performed his part of the contract satisfactorily, and received his "extry," leaving us safely at the Little Point Comfort Hotel, where we found excellent accommodation. The hotel had been erected the year previous and was kept by Mr. B. Barnard, formerly a New York landlord. It was furnished in a first-class manner, and its appointments throughout were well-suited to the wants of those desiring a quiet and healthful resting place. Mr. Barnard we found to be a good specimen of the "fine old English gentleman" and one well calculated to give perfect satisfaction to all who might place themselves under his care. Mrs. Barnard, the landlady, was well fitted for her station and won, by her courteous and motherly attention, the profound respect of her guests. The tables were spread bountifully with all the good things attainable, and we can say that we found everything desirable in this regard. The servants were civil and polite and added greatly to the credit of the well-ordered house.

"You remember, I suppose, all about the war?" I remarked to one of the waiters as my friend and myself sat at the table, the other guests having left.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I 'member all 'bout de war. I's older dan folks tinks I is. I'm married, and got two boys a'most growed up. Oh, yes, I 'member bout de war. My missus she died from grief cos she lose her niggers.

But dar's one women in dis yere place dat won't die, cos she's mad all de time. I see her putty of'en, and I ax her what she wear dat tick wail ober her face fur. She says she don't like ter see de niggers cos dey dress so nice."

"Did you see General Butler?"

"Oh, yes, I see de general lots of times. Dere am a school here call' de Butler School, an' you ought to go dar an' hear the chil'n sing. Oh, yes, I see de general. He had his headquarters ober to Newport News. You look jes like him, Massa. He short an' fat, jes like you is."

To such as seek rest and the recuperation of their vital forces, I would recommend a sojourn at the Hotel Comfort, Hampton, Va. After dinner, on this first day of our arrival, we took a 'bus for the great Hygeia Hotel and from there to Fortress Monroe for a call upon Gen. Eben Sutton of North Andover. We returned in time for supper and in the evening attended religious services conducted by Rev. Mr. Mitchell who was holding a very profitable series of revival meetings.

April 5. The weather had changed very much, and the warm June-like zephyrs came into our sleeping room in the morning with grateful effect. After breakfast we concluded to visit the Normal School, Hampton, of which Gen. S. C. Armstrong is principal, and J. H. B. Marshall, treasurer. This institution was incorporated in 1870 by special act of the General Assembly of Virginia and is devoted to the education of the negro and Indian youth in agriculture and the mechanic arts and the training of teachers in these branches. We called at General Armstrong's house, but ascertained that he was in Boston on

business. We went to the office and registered our names, and a gentleman of the establishment conducted us in company with several other visitors through the several departments. We visited a number of rooms where negro and Indian classes were reciting and we witnessed most interesting scenes in which were demonstrated the patience and judgment of the teachers and the proficiency of the pupils. The deportment manifest in the several classes was excellent. Some of the classes were composed entirely of girls, others of boys and girls (Indian and negro) mixed. We visited the printing office of the "Southern Workman," a very well-conducted and nicely printed paper published in the interest of the institution. Leaving the printing office, we visited the sewing room, shoe shop, harness shop, tin shop, and the saw and planing mill, where we found every one busily employed, the operatives being either graduates or students of the school. At 12 o'clock the dinner bell rang, and we were invited to inspect the tables and see the students as they came in to their meal, headed by their band. This was a novel and pleasant spectacle. The attendance at the school was then 490, of whom 92 were Indians (70 boys and 22 girls) averaging 18 years, and 228 negro boys and 170 negro girls; all but 32 of the students boarded at the institute. The negroes were chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina; the Indians represented some of the most ferocious tribes of the West, but they are tractable under good treatment, and many graduate with high distinction. Mr. Dudley Talbot was our conductor and he paid us marked civility. I was pleased to meet here Mr. Munroe of New York who that very day contributed \$11,000 as an endowment.

While at Hampton, the amusing side of the negro character presented itself to me. I was waiting for the return of my friend who had gone back for an umbrella, when a good-looking negro with careworn features touched his hat to me, and, as we were going the same way, I walked a short distance with him. He told me about the war that had secured him his freedom and what he had been doing since. A late afflictive circumstance was that he had lost his mule; he was hopeful, however, that he would be helped out. I gave him a small amount to assist him and, before we parted, I said, —

"Having a good many meetings here this spring, are you not?"

"Yes, massa, most all de churches habin' meetings, ebery night, white and colored."

"Yes," I said, "I have been in to some of them," and I remarked that the colored people were pretty demonstrative and that I was not used to that.

"Well, Massa," said he, "dey can't help it. You see when de debil am into a man he is pretty shu to show de debil dar; but when de debil am out an' de Lord in, dey can't help a-shouting, Massa."

We returned to Hotel Comfort and after dinner took a walk around the town. It was a pleasant old place, of the Virginia school, with *the* element conspicuous. Seeing a long line stretched across a vacant lot and a negro at work with it in a very mysterious manner, I stopped and asked what he was doing.

"Dat am a crab trawl," he answered readily. "It am most time to catch crabs, and so yer see I wants to be on hand early so's to get my share."

I asked him to explain the net and the operation of catching the crabs. This was a new field of fishing, and we felt the deepest interest regarding it.

"D'ye see dis long line?" said he. "Well, dat am to lay on de bottom ob de ribber, and dese 'ere little short lines, dey am tied on, ye see, about tree feet apart wid a loop on de ends dat am to slip-noose on a piece ob tripe, cos, yer see, Boss, dat tripe am de toughest ting we ken find 'bout heah. It holds on 'an de crabs can't get it off. Well, yer see, when we haul up de long line der crabs dey hang on to de tripe, — dey won't let go, sar — an' when dey am a'most up to de boat we put a leetle han' net under 'em, an' den we hab 'em, shu. Oh yes, we get lots ob dem heah upon de ribber."

He told his story without stopping in his work, and as we thanked him for his information, he seemed pleased that he had been able to contribute to our satisfaction.

At Hampton a good story was current that will bear recording. Mr. Phoebus, proprietor of the mammoth Hygeia Hotel, had received the nomination of the Republicans for representative to Congress. The colored voters of the district outnumbered the whites two to one, and the sable freemen thought this a good occasion on which to test Mr. Phoebus's love for the colored race. Putting their heads together, some ten or twelve of them concluded that they would call on mine host of the Hygeia and spend the night with him. They accordingly arrayed themselves in all the finery they possessed and what they could borrow in the way of white shirts, red neckties, and brass rings, and waited upon the candidate. Mr. Phoebus greeted them cordially, when one of them said, —

"Well, sar, spects we's come to stop with you to-night, sar."

Mr. P. was rather taken aback but instantly recovered himself, for he knew that it would not do to mix colors at the most popular hotel on the coast, and replied that he could not accommodate them as his house was full.

"House all full, den, sar?" said the ebony spokesman.

"Yes, all full," replied Phoebus.

"Well, sar, den I spect, sar, you'd better sen' in your resignation ob dat nomination. Guess you won't get down to de House dis winter, sar. Dat house, I guess, is full, too. Don't tink you'se gwine ter walk up Pennsylvania abenue dis yar time, sar. Guess not much, sar. Good day, sar."

Mr. Phoebus concluded not to run.

April 7. We were called at 5.15 this morning, and after breakfast, at 5.45, we started for Newport News, by carriage, at 6 o'clock. The morning air was bracing and the anticipated ride of seven miles did not seem much of a task. The roads were rather heavy and the land low. In fact, this is the character of all the ground around here, with no hills to relieve the monotony. All along the roads were little negro huts and, occasionally, what might have been a planter's mansion. We arrived at Newport News at 7 o'clock to connect with the steamer *Nellie White* which did not, however, get along until 8.10, when we stepped on board for Richmond, Va. Major General Butler had his headquarters at Newport News, and the commissary store that he built was still standing. The James river upon which the town is situated is seven miles wide at its mouth and is an important channel for

trade, being navigable to Richmond; it is affected by the tide one hundred and fifty miles inland. Some of the most fearful scenes of the war were enacted upon the banks of the James, and the spirit that then prevailed has not quite died out from many a Southern heart; not always manifest upon the surface, but, like our flag, it is "still there." The war brought into notice many places before scarcely recognized and denominated by gazetteers simply as "post-office" towns; Newport News is of the number.

We landed at Ferguson's to leave the mail and then proceeded on up the river, passing bug-lights and buoys, until we reached a second landing. These landings all have a line of railway, as the wharves are very long, and there is always a boy and a mule at the outer end when a steamer arrives. At "Groves' Landing," we found the highest ground that we had seen at the South, and it seemed natural and home-like to be elevated a little above dead level. This place is named from its fine picnic grounds abounding with grand trees of old growth. The banks at this point are very much washed, imparting to the water the color of pea soup. We next touched at "Island Landing" (the channel below Richmond is full of islands), then at another landing with a tremendously long wharf, and at 12 o'clock reached Sandy Point, Claremont, the station of the Claremont & Danville Railroad. We rested here but briefly and then steamed on to other "landings" (Brandon's Landing next), and then Sturgeon Point, just half way between Richmond and Norfolk, sixty-five miles each way. We passed one of the old Virginia plantations that retained its former characteristics — a two-story square house, with houses for the "help" (no

longer "chattels"), scattered all over the grounds. Here the shad fishers were numerous, and their nets were displayed here, there, and everywhere between the ship channel and the shore. At 2.45 P.M. we reached City Point, where five of our monitors were anchored and covered with thick canvas roofs. At 4.30 we passed through "Dutch Gap," the monumental failure of General Butler during the war, but now employed successfully for the passage of vessels of light draught. Within a few miles of Richmond, jetties are built on each side, varying from 100 to 200 feet, to deepen and keep the channel clear.

We arrived at Richmond at 6 P.M., and took carriage for Ford's, the driver fanning himself and singing all the way. We were, probably, the only fares he had obtained for several days. The usual comical scenes occurred at the hotel, with the bustle of waiters and the officious services of the hackmen. "Stan' roun' dar," said our Jehu; "I'll show yer how to handle dem baggage." The baggage matter adjusted, we found good rooms on the first floor, and, it being Saturday night, we went to the market, always prolific of amusement at that time when our colored brethren are particularly demonstrative. The fishmongers were especially interesting with their quaint modes of sale, among which the cry, "'Ere's fresh shad right from de foundry," was conspicuous. The queer dresses, comical phizzes, and funny incidents attendant on the trade cannot be effectively described. The scene was a lively one, and an hour's time passed pleasantly in contemplation of human nature "in the rough."

April 8 (Sunday). "Bro. Jasper's Church" is an object of deep interest to visitors, and at 10 o'clock we started

to find it. We reached it after walking some eight or ten blocks and then found that the service would not commence till 11.30. In the mean time we took an extensive walk through the "Africa of Richmond" attended by a sable brother as a guide, who told us many things connected with the war, and what a glorious day it was when the colored people knew that they were free. "Nebber seen sich a day fore nor since," said he, "an' nebber 'spect to see another ag'in like dat." We returned to the church in good time, and were seated in one of the front pews. Brother Jasper soon made his appearance, hat and cane in hand, and, taking his seat in the pulpit, commenced turning over the leaves of the Bible. There was singing first, prayer by another reverend Black, and then Brother Jasper came forward. He gave out his notices, dwelt a little upon an "awdination" which was to take place in the evening — giving the young preacher who was to be ordained a fine character — and then commenced his discourse from Luke vi, 22: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of Man's sake."

"Dere am a plot," he said, "to oberthrow dis yere church an' your pastor, but I told you, bredren and sisters, dat dat ar' doctrine am outside de lids of dis yere book. I stan' heah in dis yere pulpit to preach de gospel, an' de doctrine I shall teach am contained between de lids of dis yere Bible. De tex' say 'an' dey shall separate you from deir company.' Yer'e all heah to-day singin' psalm tunes, yer don't sit all togedder but yer'e round heah in bunches; but what are yer doin' week days? Yer get togedder in

de work-shops an' on de kears concoctin' plans ter oberthrow your pastor. You're de Korah, Dathan, and Abirams, an' I suppose you want to know who Korah, Dathan, an' Abiram am. Go home de whole ob yer, an' take yer Bibles an' read de 16th chapter ob Numbers, an' ye'll find out who Korah, Dathan, an' Abiram am. Dey were false prophets, an' sat against Moses and Aaron, an' dey were destroyed; an' so will you be destroyed who plot against dis church. De Korah, Dathan, an' Abiram ob dis congregation are jus' like a lot of dewdle-bugs. I s'pose I shall hab to tell you what a dewdle-bug am. Yer go out inter de pastur' where an oak tree hab been growin' for fifty or a hundred years, an' is cut down, the stump rotten an' de groun' mellow all round de roots; dar's where de dewdle-bugs make deir holes, dere's where de dewdle-bugs lib, an' de little boys an' girls, when dey are playin' aroun', put deir mouths down to de holes an' say 'Dewdle bug, dewdle-bug, yer house is on fire!' An' what do de dewdle bugs do? Dey don't stop to see about deir chil'n nor de house neider, but dey come out an' back right away. Dey nebber go for'ard, an' dey am just like de Korah, Dathan, and Abirams. Dey go backward, backward, backward, an' nebber go forard."

I have given but a small portion of Brother Jasper's sermon, but, suffice it to say, he was listened to with marked attention throughout. The sermon was lengthy, and, as the large audience left, we lingered behind to shake hands with the preacher who manifested much pleasure at the interest we took in him and the Godspeed we bespoke for his mission. After leaving him we returned to the hotel where we spent the day quietly until evening, when we

attended Brother Holmes's church. It was the occasion of a missionary address by a white Professor of Richmond, and I think I have never seen so many colored people assembled in one room before. The services were exceedingly interesting.

April 9. After breakfast we improved the time remaining of our short sojourn in Richmond by taking a carriage for notable places that I had before visited. We left Richmond for Brunswick, Ga., at 3.17 P.M., passing over the long railroad bridge by the splendid falls of the upper James, took tea at Welden, and there embarked on the sleeper for the night. We arrived at a point outside of Charleston, S.C., at 6.30 A.M., and proceeded on our way, with little of interest transpiring, for Savannah, Ga. Breakfast on the car was a new experience to me. Mr. and Mrs. Benson and a Mr. Peich of New York city we found very agreeable company, and we enjoyed much pleasant conversation with them. The patronage of the railroads seems to indicate increasing popularity; the travel to and from Florida, which we encountered along the line, bore evidence of this, though at this season of the year most of the travel was Northward. We arrived at Jessup's Junction at 2.25 P.M., one hour late, and took dinner. We were compelled to wait here until 6 P.M. to connect with a train from "elsewhere," and in the mean time were afforded amusement by passages of sentiment between a Pennsylvania soldier and a Confederate soldier from Brunswick, Ga. The tongue sparring was lively and exciting, but I am happy to say that good-nature prevailed on both sides. Leaving Jessup's Junction, we arrived at Brunswick at 8.15 and went immediately to the Nelson House.

April 11. Arose early, and, stimulated by a good breakfast, I was ready to look around Brunswick and note the changes that had occurred since my visit of five years previous. These changes in the varied scenes of life add to the sum of human knowledge and remind us of the fleeting nature of everything earthly, impressing upon our minds the reflection that here we have no abiding place. As I looked out from the balcony of the hotel, my mind naturally turned to the incidents attending my visit to Brunswick thirty years before, and the scenes of that busy time passed before me like a diorama, with the ship *Agnes* and Capt. J. Edwards Scott the main features. The visit of five years before was also recalled, the scenes of that day placed in contrast with those which now appeared before me. I found that the shipping had greatly increased within the last five years, and buildings for business purposes were going up on every hand. Dwellings were also being erected, and a healthy indication prevailed that the old hope for the place might some time be realized. The Savannah and Florida boats still ran to Brunswick and other points; the railroad business was on the increase, and everything wore a lively aspect. The Nelson House had been built four years — a pleasant and commodious structure. The northerly air was like June, balmy and refreshing.

I called upon Mr. William Anderson, my old friend Friedlander's partner, and had a pleasant time in recalling old Brunswick as I first saw it. From there I went to see Mrs. John Brooks, then eighty years old, widow of my old-time friend. She had a wonderful memory of the town when it was really in its infancy, and we recalled

many incidents of the times so interesting to both of us. She came from Wiscasset, Me., to Brunswick in 1853. Captain Scott was a native of the same place.

I strolled around town with my friend, and during our walk I pointed out to him the ground of my early experiences, where the iron was landed, where the old hotel stood, etc., but the land was now converted into sites for railroad shops, and all was but as a dream of the past. Even statistics of the past were hard to obtain, but we did find files of the "Brunswick Advocate" as far back as 1837, from which we learned that John Davis was proprietor of the Oglethorpe House on January 8 of that year, James Moore in 1838, and that the house was built in 1836. This stunning intelligence was relieved from any serious effects by a paragraph stating that "the Great Western steamship had arrived at New York from Bristol, England, April 15, having sailed from Bristol March 23, 1837."

We had dinner at 1 P.M. and at 2.30 took the steamer for St. Simon's Island, with a view to remaining for a few days if things were pleasant there. The wind was southeast and cooled the atmosphere to a grateful temperature. It was a good time for reflection and repose, the cares of business left behind and the mind free from the many perplexities and irritations that make life a burden. The body at such time recuperates, when the mind relaxes its vigilant control and nature has the opportunity of attending to its proper business. A healthy reaction is the result. Nature's work, under the mind's jealous attention, is like that of a good mechanic with an overseer's eye superintending his task, very likely to be spoiled from too close watchfulness. Our steamer was the *Ruby*, on

board of which we met Dr. R. J. Massey, the Brunswick correspondent of the "Advertiser and Appeal," who gave us an interesting account of St. Simon's Island. Georgia was settled in February, 1733, and Governor Oglethorpe settled Frederica on St. Simon's sound in 1736, several years before the settlement of Savannah. Georgia was divided into two districts—the Savannah and the Frederica—presided over by a judge and his marshals and other officers of the court, who officiated in their gowns and wigs with just as much pomp as if they were members of an English court. Frederica was the residence of Governor Oglethorpe for many years. Wesley and Whitefield labored about there with but indifferent results.

The Spaniards of Florida were hostile to the colony, and a body of them came from St. Augustine to break it up. A battle ensued on St. Simon's Island, at a place still called "Bloody Marsh," in which the English were victorious, killing their assailants by hundreds. Bloody Marsh is on the easterly end of the island, about two miles from the lighthouse. This lighthouse, made of tabby, which had stood for many years, was blown up by the Southerners during the rebellion. There are large sawmills upon the island. The doctor informed us that the climate there was several degrees warmer in winter and cooler in summer than in many Southern localities. We remained upon the island but an hour or so, "prospecting." St. Simon's Island would make a good winter resort for Northerners seeking health, and in the near future there will doubtless be a large hotel erected on this island for the accommodation of winter visitors. Boats land there from Jacksonville, Fla., and from Savannah and Brunswick, Ga.

We returned to Brunswick. This town ought to progress faster than it does, but the wealth of Savannah gobbles up all the railroads running into this part of the country, and poor Brunswick, not blessed with capital, has to suffer. This seems pretty hard, and I am afraid that our children will grow old before it becomes the very large city its founders contemplated, that was to rival Savannah. It is a pity that such a good seaport, with such natural advantages, should not fare better.

April 12. We took breakfast at 6.30 and soon after embarked again on the *Ruby*, bag and baggage, for St. Simon's Island. Captain Dart of the *Ruby*, I found to be the son of one of my old Brunswickers, who had died only six weeks before, aged eighty-three years. I had a pleasant talk with Captain D. on the subject of fishing in St. Simon's sound. Fish are abundant and the varieties many, the principal "catch" in the sound being whiting, drumfish, rockfish, bluefish, trout, bass, mullet, and sheeps-head; on the outer banks red snapper, grouper, and blackfish; besides there are oysters, clams, and crabs in abundance. Yet, although fish are so abundant and in such variety, there are really none to make fishing for market a business, and the query arose in my mind why some Northern men had not ere this established fishing stations in these waters with Savannah and St. Simon's their headquarters. Terribly stupid, it seemed to me, for the people here to keep this rich sea-mine unworked. Another thought presented itself regarding the lack of enterprise at the South. Here right handy was all the timber growing and all the material to be used in making vessels, and yet all unimproved. The stump of the tree

that was cut down to make the stem of the *Constitution* still remains on St. Simon's Island.

We arrived at 8.30 A.M. and went immediately to Mrs. Arnold's pleasant boarding-house, a large square edifice, with a veranda all around it, facing the southwest. The air was truly delicious and admitted of no thought but the charm of drinking in pleasant draughts of nature's recuperative element. Rheumatism must, it seemed, "get up and get" when brought in contact with such a balmy atmosphere. After dinner, we returned to the piazza where we sat awhile, I keeping my mind easy, for my old enemy did not dare to show head nor shoulder for fear of getting scorched. None can desire more than an easy mind and a body free from pain, and here the mind ran on in pleasant reverie while nature cared for the laden receptacle of food. Better than "good news from a far country" is that condition where "good digestion waits on appetite and health on both." The roses were in full bloom just in front of us, and, only a short distance in the rear, saws were buzzing to the tune of 100,000 feet of lumber per diem, 600,000 per week, and 31,000,000 per annum.

We procured a wagon and started for a visit to the light-house. The vehicle was not unlike a small lumber or hay cart with heavy wheels; the horse and fixings were very fair for that country. The driver was a negro boy, fully up to the ragged standard, who sat upon a stool in front, while we occupied the wagon seat which had no cushion, thus compelling us to stand or sit upon our own resources. The start was not swift, and as we proceeded over the rough and rutty road, not sufficiently traveled to be any-

where smooth, we felt that, like Jordan, 'twas "a hard road to trabble." On our way we passed a negro settlement, the houses of the framed kind, but cheaply built; then a schoolhouse of rough exterior, with from five to a dozen children in attendance, and then to some tabby houses occupied by whites. These houses are built of cement and shells, the material growing harder by exposure to the atmosphere. We next plunged into the woods, where the road dwindled into nothing more than a Northern cart path, and soon we lost our way, having taken the wrong track. Still going on, we came to a negro hut. We accosted the occupant:

"Can we go to the lighthouse by this road?"

"Yer on de wrong road," was the reply; "Yer oughter hab took de road 'way back dar; yer *can* go dis way but it will take yer out ter de beach, 'way 'bove der light, an' is farder. Ef yer want ter go, yer can follow my cart tracks, an' yer will come out all right."

Three generations of negroes, comprising fifteen in number, lived in that little framed house, and they were all out on inspection. We started as directed and for a short time got along well enough, but soon the palmetto leaves, low down, covered all but the dim outline of an impracticable cart track, and we went thumping and bumping along among the pine-tree roots, grazing the trees right and left. Presently we came to a "fork," and now the question arose, "Which should we take?" When a man guesses about a thing regarding which he knows nothing, he generally makes a mistake, and we proved no exception to the rule, for after a few minutes we brought up against a fence. There was a gate, however, but we did not open

it, as the stentorian voice of a stalwart negro working in a field near by, hailed us with the remark, —

"Yer on de wrong track, Boss, if yer goin' to der light-house. Yer *can* go dis way, but yer better go back an' take der cart track to der beach."

We retraced our way but did not go back far enough, and mistaking another place for the "fork," we took a nigh cut and soon found ourselves "all at sea" while looking for the beach. We wandered around in the woods for some time, now and then coming out into small openings, and by going this way and that we managed to find our way out. We drove past the entrance to the lighthouse grounds and shortly found ourselves down upon the beach on the easterly side, a mile or more from our destination. The beach was as hard and smooth as a billiard table, the island on its entire south and east sides being skirted by a beach, with no rock-bound coast. We reached the lighthouse at last, and the keeper came out to greet us.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said he. "Get out and come into the house, where you can sit down and rest yourselves."

This we did, for the jaunt had given us an appetite for the rest that the keeper invited us to.

"How long have you been keeper here?" I asked him.

"Only a short time here," he replied. "I used to be over on Little Cumberland; was there eight years."

"Don't you get lonesome here?"

"Well, 'tis a kind of lonesome place, but we manage to get along; my wife looks after the hens, and we go out occasionally and shoot some game."

"Does your wife shoot?"

"Shoot! I guess you'd think so if you should come out in the kitchen and see three fine ducks she shot this afternoon. Shoot! I'll bet she'll beat me any time. Come, let us go up into the light; I guess it won't tire you out."

We followed, as requested, and saw that the inside of the lighthouse had been newly whitewashed.

"There," said he, pointing to the walls, "don't you call that pretty good whitewashing, and I didn't spill a drop, scarcely, from top to bottom."

After we had reached the top:

"There, gentlemen," said he, "you see one of the finest lights in the country. It is getting towards night, and I'll take off the curtains. Here I sit all the time during my half of the night. I'm not like some fellows who turn down the lamps and go to sleep. No, sir; that isn't me. Now come, I want you to go down and see the wife's hens. She's got some of the nicest hens you ever saw."

I have thus wagged the keeper's tongue instead of my own, but while he was talking I was taking in the view from the lantern, which was very fine. Jekyl, Cumberland, and the surrounding country were in full sight looming up before us. The old lighthouse I alluded to as having been blown up by the Southerners during the war was built just after the war of 1812. When the contract was drawn, it was so worded that stone, or other material equally good, should be employed in the construction of this lighthouse. This was a stroke of shrewdness on the part of the contractor who owned all the old tabby houses in Frederica and could work all their material of shell and cement into the new lighthouse. The present lighthouse was built just after the war; it is constructed of

brick and is 105 feet high. The brick was made in the vicinity.

We left the lighthouse and the beach, well pleased with our visit, taking back for our next day's dinner the ducks that the keeper's wife had shot. We again mounted to our unpadded seat in the wagon and moved on our way back to the hotel. We were more fortunate in returning, as we came back the regular way. We passed a good many negro habitations and a negro church. This was a perfectly plain framed building with shutters instead of windows. In front, suspended from a pole run out from the side of the house, was a piece of an old circular mill saw, about two feet long by eighteen inches wide, that served as a bell for the church; when this was struck, the sound could be heard at a distance of two miles. We arrived at the "hotel" at 6.30, well satisfied with our afternoon's excursion, more interesting from the varied incidents attending our search for the lighthouse.

April 13. After a good night's rest and breakfast I enjoyed a lounge upon the piazza overlooking St. Simon's sound, and devoted the customary time to writing up my diary. To sojourners the island is almost "out of the world," so to speak, but it is a comfort to be where one can commune with nature and let the great, bustling, restless, discordant world, with its politics, its strife, its greatness, and littleness, take care of itself for a season. The mail is the connecting link that still keeps the recluse in touch with the outer world, however he may wish to forget it.

At 11 A.M. we visited the immense sawmill belonging to the "Georgia Land and Lumber Company," organized by

W. E. Dodge, Esq., of New York, owning some 300,000 acres of land in the interior of Georgia. There were then 100 men employed cutting timber in the forests, to be taken by rail thirty miles to the Altamaha river, from whence it was to be rafted down to the mill; one hundred men were ready there to receive it and reduce it to lumber. Some seasons double the number of men are employed. Two fine circular and gang saws were in constant use. All the slabs and refuse were burned. Mr. Warren Fuller, a Massachusetts man, had charge of this mill, and he resided on the island eight months of the year. We found him a gentleman in manners, interested in church and society, and superintendent of the Sunday School. On our return we enjoyed a dinner that could hardly be surpassed at the North; fresh fish, teal, black duck, green peas, tomatoes, cabbage, potatoes, rice, apples, lemon cakes, and tea. Good enough for any one North or South!

April 14. The morning opened pleasantly with the wind a little easterly. At 8.30 we started out for a walk, and at the wharf met Dr. Massey. Afterwards went to a small plantation to the eastward and, on coming to a fence, inquired for Mr. Johnson. The person addressed was one of the staple population.

"Nex' house, sar," said he; "Yer see de missus settin by de winder dar."

Upon reaching the house pointed out to us, we interrogated another "image of God cut in ebony."

"Is this Mr. Johnson's house?"

"Yes, sar."

"Is he at home?"

"No, sar; he out back ob de house to work. Heah, you little gal, go show de gemman whar yer fader am."

The girl trotted off to find him, and it was amusing to see the little thing, one of the standard color, carry her baby brother, a chap about the size of a black duck, on her back, she clasping her hands behind her, and he sitting on her arms with his arms around her neck. We found Mr. Johnson, and he was very communicative; he was in Tallahassee, Fla., when he became free.

"Oh, dat was a great day," he said, "when the jubilee come, an' de slabes were all sot free. De white Yankee come an' took me and twenty-fibe hosses, all ob us, up to Montgomery, Alabama."

To the inquiry about his family he smilingly said, —

"Oh, yes, Boss, I has got seben chil'n."

"You have a young wife, then?" I said.

"Yes, sar, my fuss wife she had seben chil'n, an' she died, an' all the chil'n but one. Yes, I hab had twice seben chil'n, fourteen in all."

"How old is the oldest?"

"Oh, well, I reckon he is about so old" — holding his hand about three feet from the ground.

"Can you read?"

"No, sar, but I's gwine to teach der chil'n to read, so dey shall know der right from der wrong."

"Why don't you learn?"

"Well, yer see, massa, my eyesight am gibin' out, but I want the chil'n to larn so us dey can read ter me."

"Have you a church here?"

"Oh, yes, sar; I goes to der Fus' Baptist African church.

We hab a gemman come down from Savannah once in two months, who preaches to us."

"Any other preacher?"

"Oh, yes, sar; we hab anoder man dat preaches when de oder don't."

We went from Mr. Johnson's to another place and interviewed a negro who has spent all his life on the island. He was a servant before the war and travelled with his mistress. After he was free he got \$15 per month, which princely income he was then enjoying as a free man. Such interviews are interesting, inasmuch as they draw out the negro history before and since the war, and give inklings of the character of this class of "Americans called Africans," as termed by Mrs. Child.

We took dinner at 12.10 and afterwards sat upon the piazza awaiting the coming of Dr. Massey who was to call and see us. We sat and talked with him for an hour about the early days of Brunswick, including the incident of my first going there in 1853. The Doctor, in his letter to the Brunswick "Advertiser and Appeal," had made mention in a paragraph of some facts regarding myself. The Doctor was called away by professional business, much to my regret. In the evening we called at a little tabby building by "the store" and interviewed the barber. He gave me a meaty text for a temperance discourse: "This would be the worst place in the world if they sold liquor."

April 15 (Sunday). We attended service in the "Union Church," and listened to Rev. Mr. Dana, a young preacher, who spoke from the text, "And the last shall be first and the first last." The hymns were appropriate and the singing good. The atmosphere was very warm, but a

little breeze from the sea tempered it somewhat and rendered it more agreeable. I felt that I had never been in a more quiet place upon the Sabbath. We took a long walk after dinner, which led us into the interior of the island past one or two little negro churches, one with the saw bell hanging out in front. We went as far as the little white tabby settlement. One new man had just come here and was working some twenty acres from which to supply the markets of Savannah and New York with green produce.

April 16. This day was to wind up our stay upon St. Simon's Island. We had seen enough to convince us of the beauty of the place and its availability as a place of resort in winter; it needed but a hotel to make it popular.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of St. Simon's,
As fond recollection brings up the sojourn,
The cabbage, palmetto, green peas, and tomato,
And ducks from the "lighthouse," done just to a turn.
That queer little island,
That health-giving island,
That sleep-yielding island,
That lies by the sea.

How well I remember the ride through the wild wood,
Where the oak and the pine and the palmetto grow,
The cart track that wildered the boy's stupid driving,
And the horse that we had, so provokingly slow.
That St. Simon's turnout,
That hard-seated fitout,
That darkey's wild drive out,
Down there to the sea.

And now, far removed from that loved situation,
Fond tears of regret will obtrusively flow,
When memory recalls the St. Simon diversion,
And sighs for its pleasures wherever we go.

That pleasant bright island,
That sunshiny island,
That health-giving island,
That lies by the sea.

The evening up to 9 o'clock was passed very pleasantly in Mrs. Arnold's family circle in chatting about matters relating to the North and South, until the splash of the paddle wheels of the steamer *City of Bridgton*, coming through St. Simon's sound, apprised us that the time of our departure was at hand, and we must bid good-bye to the island and those who had made our visit there so pleasant. We took the steamer at a little before 10 o'clock and, the order being speedily given to "let go," we were once more steaming through the narrow channels that characterize these Southern waters. We remained on deck for an hour or two watching the various turns and windings among the marshes, until St. Simon's light grew dim in the distance. It is pleasant to notice the skill displayed in navigating a boat while making the inland passage.

On the way from St. Simon's Island to Savannah the boat stopped at "Doboy," where, lying upon the wharf, among other things to be taken on board, was a lot of sturgeon. "Well, Sambo," I asked the black deck hand, "what have you for freight to-night?"

"Oh, lots ob dem sturgeons, Massa."

"Where were they caught?"

"Right heah in de Altamaha ribber. Set trawls for 'em nights. Kotch lots ob 'em."

"You seem to have a good many to-night."

"Oh, dat ain't much, dat ain't. Dere ain't moah dan

sebenty-foah. Dat am a small lot. Sometimes we carry a hundred or a hundred an' fifty."

"They must be fond of sturgeon in Savannah."

"Dey don't eat 'em dar."

"What do they do with them?"

"Oh, dey ship 'em up Norf an' can 'em; den dey bran' dem 'sammon,' an' sen' 'em down Souf for de Suvener to eat. Yah! yah! yah!"

Leaving Doboy we turned in for the *rest* of the night.

April 17. Our fellow passengers revealed by the morning light presented a collection of very ordinary appearance. The steamer's route was so twining that though we could see the steeples of Savannah but three miles away in a direct line we were compelled to travel from thirteen to fifteen miles to reach the city. When at last we arrived, all the passengers were on deck, eagerly looking at the various objects presented to view, — Fort Jackson, rice fields, jetty construction, lumber loading, etc., and the several wharves lined with ships engaged in foreign commerce. We left the *Bridgton* and went directly to the Pulaski House, a place of such interest to me. My name was first registered on the books "Joseph Warren Smith, November 8, 1853;" second time, March, 1878: third time, April 17, 1883. The last time, Joseph W. Smith called for letters, and the clerk said, "Oh yes, we have been looking for you," handing me quite a package of letters, — as many as twenty. (I received twenty-one at Richmond.) After reading my letters, we went out to breathe the fresh air, but found, instead, clouds of dust that had been blowing about the streets from time immemorial, and had grayed the whiskers and inflamed the lungs

of past generations. We were glad to retreat to dinner, after which we took the street car for Thunderbolt and Bonaventura, along with quite a number of our fellow passengers on the steamer *Bridgton*. This car ride was very amusing, illustrating the slow and slack way in which everything is done in this part of the country. We walked back from Thunderbolt to Bonaventura, and, after looking around for half an hour, returned by the car. It was getting late in the afternoon when we arrived, but we thought we would call at the Boston and Savannah Steamship office and bespeak passage for Boston, and were lucky enough to secure the last stateroom, No. 29, on the upper deck of steamer *City of Columbus*. I closed the day by writing letters and part of my journal, and then retired for the night.

April 18. Took a walk after breakfast with nothing especial happening. I improved the occasion by calling on my friend John Cunningham, of the old firm of Claghorn & Cunningham associated with my visit in 1853, and I had a pleasant interview with him, during which he told me about his trade and failure, together with his experiences before and since the war. Mr. Claghorn had died since 1878. After leaving Mr. Cunningham I went to see Octavius Cohen, son of Octavius Cohen of the firm of Cohen & Fosdick, with which I did business in '53 and '54, and then called on Mr. Baldwin, whose father I likewise remembered as partner in the firm of Brigham, Baldwin & Company. It was at Savannah as at Brunswick; the boys of my early visit had taken the place of my contemporaries at that time, and but few were then old enough to remember the incident of the ship *Agnes*. I went down to the

wharf and saw the steamer *Tallahassee* sail for New York, and then went on board the *City of Columbus*, where I met Mr. Joseph Shattuck and two of his daughters, who were to be our fellow passengers to Boston. While looking at some clay in a lighter alongside, it was remarked, pleasantly, by one in authority, —

“There is some clay that is going into candy for you Northerners to eat.”

I turned the laugh on him by relating the story of the sturgeon, canned as salmon, for the Southerners to eat. I spent the evening very pleasantly with Mr. Shattuck and retired early.

April 19. I went out to the market before breakfast. The town was on the *qui vive* in anticipation of the arrival that morning of President Arthur, who was expected to stay until Friday. He had arrived at Tybee the evening previous, after a very rough passage from St. Augustine, Fla. He was to have a reception in the Savannah Exchange. As we were to leave in the *City of Columbus* before that time, the opportunity was not afforded us for paying our respects. Meanwhile, we amused ourselves by looking about the city. One point of interest to visit was the park, and a half hour's sojourn there well repaid us. This park, one of the “lungs of the city,” had everything well arranged for convenience and comfort, and its advantages were generally availed of by citizens who sought relief from the city's heat in the enjoyment of the balmy air and cooling shadows that it afforded. From the park we went to visit the library and reading room at the W. B. Hodgson Hall. Here were several models of steamers of old and new construction. One was that of a

steamer that crossed the ocean in 1819, the first that ever dared the undertaking; on the opposite side of the room was the model of the steamer *City of Savannah*, built in 1876, that ran for some time between New York and Savannah, and then was in the Philadelphia line. A full-length portrait of W. B. Hodgson graces the hall that bears his name. We returned to the hotel for dinner, after which we bade good-bye to the gentlemanly clerk of the house, and left for the *City of Columbus* at 3 P.M., where we arrived just as Mr. Shattuck and his daughters were driving upon the dock. At 4 P.M. we started and moved slowly down the river among the anchored shipping which was dressed in gay attire to welcome the President. We passed, at a distance, the United States steamship *Tallahpoosa*, having him on board. Savannah has nearly five miles of wharves, of which one obtains a good view on leaving the city. We passed Fort Jackson and had a good view of the rice plantations along the shore. We moved very slowly, as our draught of water was as much as the channel admitted, and, as it was, we must have touched along the muddy bottom. We passed Tybee at 6.30 P.M., and soon the bell buoy and lightship. The last buoy passed, and then we found ourselves on the open sea, shaping our course about northeast. Supper over, we strolled upon deck in pleasant conversation with Mr. Shattuck. We retired at 10.30 and slept till near 7 next morning, "rocked in the cradle," wrapped in happy dreams.

April 20. We were ploughing along at the rate of 12 knots an hour, and that meant our arrival in Boston on the 23d. The fresh air stimulated appetite for breakfast at 8 o'clock, though there were not so many at table as the

day previous. I was introduced to the master, Capt. S. E. Wright, and found him a very agreeable person. We were now opposite Frying Pan Shoals and witnessing the performances of a school of porpoises, some quite near the ship. The sea was white-capped, but comparatively smooth, though the steamer rolled somewhat. A colored reverend, T. G. Campbell, was among the passengers, and I listened to an argument between him and a New Bedford man, in which the latter got terribly worsted. The subject of discussion was the existence of a God. The colored divine had an exalted idea of human nature, and gave evidence that those who awakened him on "Freethinking" or Ingersollism would find their match. At 12 o'clock we still maintained our rate of speed (12 knots) and nearly all the passengers were on deck studying, reading, and chatting. The sea, above all places, for pure air and appetizing influences! The water was blue and clear and in striking contrast with the muddy rivers, sounds, and creeks of Georgia and Florida. At dinner we enjoyed a pleasant conversation with a man who had been in Florida since the fall before and had become very familiar with the country. There was likewise an elderly gentleman from New Bedford on board, who was at St. Simon's Island at the time of our visit. About 4 P.M. the wind veered around to northeast and became quite a gale. The staunch ship, however, breasted it in most approved manner, her prow unswerving in the contest.

April 21. We were still making good time, with many of the passengers seasick, obliged to succumb to the inexorable command of old ocean. Mr. Shattuck bore himself up sturdily, but his daughters were both "under the

weather." To the sailor, and those unaffected by the commotion of the waters, a rough sea gives pleasure; but to the susceptible, the "sad sea waves" are sad indeed, and the song with that name they don't care about singing, except when on shore and accompanied by a piano. We were reminded that we were not alone on the deep by passing a steamer, supposed to be one of the Charleston line to New York. We whiled away the morning hour by gathering in a group, such as were able, at the stern of the steamer, and discussing general matters which we settled to universal satisfaction. After dinner we took up the *thread* of talk, and continued in conversation, diverted occasionally by the appearance of small craft going north or south. The close of day left us looking for mackerel catchers off the coast, some thirty miles away, but none appeared. The evening was delightful, the moon in the ascendant, and we exchanged the thought of the land we were approaching for that of the land of nod.

April 22 (Sunday). This morning we found that the weather had changed, the wind east, and the prospect not very favorable for the day. Long Island was now in sight, and we should pass Block Island about 11 o'clock, crossing over to Vineyard Sound. One New York steamer was in sight and several schooners, close in shore, were making their way southward. We passed Montauk Point, reached Block Island at 12 M. and made for Gay Head. I had an interesting conversation with a gentleman from Fort Fairfield, Me., on the Aroostook river. He had been in Florida since January, enjoying the warmth of the Southern climate, in such contrast with his home, where, he told me, he had seen the mercury 43 degrees below zero.

At 2.30 we passed Sow and Pigs and Cuttyhunk lights, also a mackerel fleet of twenty schooners, lots of coasters, and three-masted schooners, and a steamer bound for New York, heading into Vineyard Sound. The wind was still east, and rain threatening. Passed the islands at the entrance of Buzzard's Bay, and saw many vessels at anchor in Tarpaulin Cove. At 3.45 P.M. we passed Woods Holl, where vessels were lying at the Pacific Guano Works, and at 4.30 Oak Bluff, and saw a large fleet of vessels making for Holmes Holl to avoid the coming storm. The wind was southeast, and everything indicated a "dirty night." The weather was cold, and a Dutchman on board, who had packed his overcoat in his trunk, gave us some square talk about leaving his coat where he could not get at it. Others had done the same, thinking they would need neither underclothing nor overcoats. At 5.50 we passed Cross Rip lightship and caught a dim glimpse of Nantucket; then shaped our course for Massachusetts Bay. At 8 P.M. a snow-storm set in; at 9.30 we sighted Nausett light and at 10 made Highland light. We were at the wharf in Boston, snug and fast, by 4 A.M., and took the train for Andover at 7.30.

The *City of Columbus* was built by John Roach at Philadelphia, in 1878, for the New York & Savannah line of steamships, and was bought by the Boston & Savannah Steamship Company. The *Gate City* was built also by Roach, and the two formed the line between Boston and Savannah.

Alas for the Columbus! She was wrecked off Gay Head in January, 1884.

BRUNSWICK IN 1901

I WAS staying for the winter at Pinehurst, N.C., and thought I would like to look in on Brunswick, Ga., once more. So when Mrs. Smith and I left Pinehurst in February on a little journey to Florida, we planned to take in Brunswick on our way. We arrived at Brunswick *via* Everett Junction at 6.30 P.M., having enjoyed for a part of our journey the company of a Mr. Meyer, who gave me a good deal of information about Brunswick of to-day. A peculiar but interesting feeling came over me as I stepped from the train at Brunswick, and I could scarcely realize that I was the young man who came there in 1853 to send the ship *Agnes* away to New York. There was not a thing to show where the ship *Agnes* discharged her cargo of railroad iron. The new Oglethorpe House had been built upon the site of the old house of the same name. In 1853 the ground in front of the hotel bordering on the sea was marshy; this had all been filled in and built upon. The land where I piled up the iron and, in fact, all the land in the rear of the present Oglethorpe was taken by the railroad station and railroad tracks.

We had an amusing experience at Everett when we were obliged to wait some three hours to make the connection for Brunswick by rail. We asked a man at the station, who was evidently connected with the railroad, what he had to show us. He was quite ready to talk and said, —



"We have alligators, galley rippers, raftsmen, poor whites and rich niggers, chills and fever, and fish." He proved to be a genius, and when we asked him about the razor-back hogs running about loose, he said,—

"These are not razor backs ; these are fat hogs. If you want to see a razor-back hog, you must go into the woods. Why, they are just like a bicycle, they have got to keep travelling or they would tip over, they are so thin ; put a newspaper on one side of them and you could read through it."

"What about the frogs?" said I.

"Oh, they are not making much noise now, you ought to wait till evening ; the concert begins then and when I go to bed it is at its highest pitch."

"Do the lumbermen and raftsmen ever trouble you?"

"Oh, yes, they come out of the woods and go to the saloon and get full, and we have lots of trouble with them. We are obliged to keep weapons to save ourselves."

Everett looked quite deserted except when trains happened to meet there to pass one another.

Mrs. Smith and I went out for a walk in Brunswick and took the Main street down a few streets below Gloucester street and crossed over to the docks wending our way towards home along the water front. There were three large steamers belonging to the Mallory line taking in a cargo of turpentine and resin, and one steamer unloading railroad iron. We came up as far as a point straight down from the Oglethorpe and found nothing to show that a ship ever laid anywhere near there in the days of 1853. The land had all been filled in and the territory was all owned and occupied by the Southern Railroad Company. But I

could see in my mind's eye just how everything looked in 1853 and 1854. I built a railroad down upon the wharf and brought the railroad iron on a platform car up to a point above highwater mark and neatly piled the iron in eight square piles; but nothing remained to show where I landed the iron on the shore. Brunswick had taken a good start since the days of my first visit and there seemed to be a good deal of young blood in the place. With growing railroad facilities it should become a good lumber, cotton, and turpentine shipping-port for years to come.

We called one evening upon Mrs. Charles Moore who was connected with the family of the late John Brooks of Wiscasset. John Brooks, Jr., is still living near Brunswick. We also called on William Anderson, the partner of the late Mr. Friedlander who had died some twelve years before. Through Mr. Anderson I met John E. DeBignon whose uncle Charles I knew in 1853. Nearly all of my former acquaintances who were living in 1853 had passed away.

At our table at the hotel, there were several young men who were in business in Brunswick, among them two lawyers and a clerk in the Southern Railroad office. One of the lawyers, Mr. F. E. Twitty, has had an office in Brunswick for seven years, and he told me many interesting things about Brunswick of to-day. Mr. C. D. Ogg also supplied me with a good deal of information.

A drive about the city showed me the great changes that had taken place and I was pleased to see the improvements in the business section where substantial brick structures gave the place the appearance of a prosperous city.

I met Capt. Urban Dart of the little steamer *Egmont* which plies between Brunswick and St. Simon's Island. Seventeen years ago, in company with the late Capt. W. F. Goldthwaite, I went down to St. Simon's Island and stayed a week at Mrs. Arnold's boarding house.

Jekyll Island, which I had visited years before, had been purchased by influential citizens of New York who had spent much money in beautifying the island. A fine steam yacht plies between Jekyll Island and Brunswick.

I left Brunswick with the good wishes of all my old friends and my new acquaintances. After a month's stay in St. Augustine, Savannah, Augusta, and Camden, S.C., I returned home and was in Andover on April first.



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